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THE

WEST CHURCH

AND

ITS MINISTERS.

Fiftieth Anniversary

OF THE

ORDINATION OF CHARLES LOWELL, D.D.

BOSTON:

CROSBY, NICHOLS, AND COMPANY,

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1856.

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IN STANDING COMMITTEE:

Voted, That the Chairman of the Committee be instructed to request of Rev. Dr. LOWELL and Rev. Mr. BARTOL copies of the Address and Sermon delivered on the day of the Commemoration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Ordination of Dr. LOWELL, — and the Sermons subsequently delivered by Mr. BARTOL, illustrative of the lives and characters of the former Pastors of this Society, and of its history, — for publication.

Voted, That CHARLES G. LORING, JOSEPH WILLARD, ALEXANDER WADSWORTH, and THOMAS GAFFIELD, be requested to act as a Committee of Publication, to prepare and cause to be published the Proceedings of the Society in reference to said Commemoration, and the Address and Sermons above mentioned, and the Hymns sung on that occasion, and such other matter as they may think proper for the interest of the Society.

Voted, That the Publishing Committee be authorized to print as many copies as they may deem expedient.

BOSTON, Feb. 13, 1856.

[A true copy.] A. E. JOHONNOT,
Clerk of the West-Boston Society.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE PARISH.

Proceedings of the Parish

IN REFERENCE TO

A CELEBRATION OF THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE ORDINATION OF

CHARLES LOWELL, D.D.,

As Pastor of the West Church.

In accordance with notice previously given, a meeting of the Proprietors of Pews was held in the Church, on Sunday, Dec. 9, 1855, after the morning services.

Richard Soule, Esq., was chosen Chairman. Alexander Wadsworth, Esq., stated the object of the meeting to be the consideration of the suitable observance of the approaching Fiftieth Anniversary of the ordination of the Senior Pastor of this Church and Society, and moved that a large Committee be appointed to make the necessary arrangements, and to report at an adjourned meeting, to be held in the Church on the next Sunday, after the morning services.

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The following gentlemen were appointed by nomination at large to constitute the Committee: Charles G. Loring, Oliver Holman, Andrew Cunningham, John Rayner, William B. Callender, Richard Soule, Sewell Kendall, Emmons Raymond, Charles W. Lovett, Joseph Willard, William D. Coolidge, John T. Heard, Alexander Wadsworth, Amos Baker, Levi Brigham, George Dennie, Charles Faulkner, Joseph Mackay, George W. Otis, Elias Haskell, Andrew E. Johonnot, Thomas Gaffield, and Ebenezer Johnson.

No other business being presented, the meeting adjourned as above.

A. E. Johonnot,
Clerk of the West-Boston Society.

Boston, Dec. 9, 1855.

[A true copy.]

An adjourned meeting of the proprietors was held in the Church, on Sunday, Dec. 16, 1855, immediately after the morning services. Richard Soule, Esq., presided.

Charles G. Loring, Esq., the Chairman of the Committee appointed at the last meeting, submitted the following —

PREAMBLE AND RESOLUTIONS.

The Committee appointed to prepare and submit for the consideration of this meeting an arrangement for the observance of the approaching Fiftieth Anniversary of the ordination of the Senior Pastor of this Church and Society, having ascertained it to be his desire that any commemoration which may be thought proper should take place upon the first Sunday, rather than upon the first day, of the new year, and be of a nature as private and unostentatious as the end proposed may allow; and being of opinion, that, under existing circumstances, an expression of the feelings of the Society towards him, and such response as he may be pleased to make, with an occasional discourse by the Junior Pastor, and the simple forms of religious worship to which we are accustomed, embracing any devotional hymns that may be furnished, would constitute the most appropriate celebration of this interesting event, — respectfully recommend the adoption of the following preamble and resolutions: —

Preamble. — It having pleased God to continue to us the life of our revered and beloved Senior Pastor for the period of half a century from the

time of his ordination over us in the Christian ministry, the approach of the Fiftieth Anniversary of that event leads us to feel that it is due, alike to him and ourselves, unitedly to express and place upon record the declaration of our grateful appreciation of his invaluable services, of our profound affection and respect, of our sympathy in his privations and sufferings, and of our gratitude to our heavenly Father for the blessing conferred in his ministry, and so long vouchsafed to us. But few now remain to tell of the zealous joy with which he was welcomed, in the freshness of his youth, as the Pastor of this Church and people, and of their enthusiastic attachment to him in the vigor of his manhood, induced not less by the fervor and beauty of his pulpit exercises, than the disinterested self-devotion which led him to sacrifice every thing for the advancement of their spiritual welfare, and the relief of those whose grief or want had summoned him to their doors; though a multitude, as we may well believe now in heaven, are there to bear witness to his fidelity to his trust, and to welcome him, as one who had lighted their path thither, when he shall be summoned to the reward of his labors. It may well be questioned, whether a more cordial and affectionate relation of pastor and people ever existed in the Christian church

than that which has sanctified his ministry while engaged in its active duties, and has shed its benign influences upon the hearts of both.

Immediately upon his settlement, the Society, which then consisted of only about forty families, increased to about three hundred, requiring the substitution of this house of worship, which, according to the taste then prevailing, was considered as of great architectural beauty, instead of the comparatively very small and humble wooden structure whose site it occupies, but which was of peculiar interest and glory, in view of the characters and labors of the eminent and pious men who had filled its pulpit, and worshipped within its walls.

This Society, so far as its history is known, and certainly from the "time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," as some of us live to bear witness, has been eminently united and harmonious. No root of bitterness has been permitted to spring up among us, to shed its poisonous influence upon our religious assemblings, or to distract our affections from the promotion of its true interests, or to generate the seeds of contention within or without these walls. If differences of opinion have existed upon matters of moment, — as they always must, in greater or less degree, among men who

think for themselves, and act under a sense of personal responsibility, — the minority has always, with true magnanimity, yielded to the wishes of the majority; and the temporary ruffling of the sea has only served to show the seaworthiness of our little ship, and how readily oil upon troubled waters may flow from honest and loving hearts. But, while rejoicing in this great blessing, we would not be unmindful that we are indebted for it, in great degree, to the able, wise, and good men who have presided, and now preside, over it as pastors; who have sought to inculcate the love of God and of man, as enjoined in the Scriptures, upon the broad platform of Christian faith in God as the Father of us all, and in Jesus Christ as sent to reveal his will, untainted with sectarian bigotry or dogmatic presumption; and thus helping us to avoid uncharitable depreciation of our neighbors, and cultivating the spirit of peace and disinterested good-will among ourselves.

But it is not for the inestimable services which the Senior Pastor has rendered to us collectively, as a religious society, that we would alone express our grateful acknowledgments to him, and thankfulness to God. We feel that we are drawn towards him by still closer ties of affection and sympathy, and owe to him a still deeper debt as individuals, in whose most

sacred joys and griefs he has largely shared, and which in themselves are more fitting themes for private meditation and prayer than for the public assembly.

He has baptized many of us, or our children; he has united some of us in the most sacred and dearest of earthly relations; he has aided and cheered us in the chamber of sickness, and in the hours of grief and disappointment; he has stood with us by the bed of the dying, has wept with us over the unburied dead, and lifted us upon the wings of prayer from the darkness of the grave to the light of heaven.

But his service to us has not ended there. It is not only at the altar, and in the exercise of these, the active offices of his station, that he has ministered to us in holy things, to prepare us for the duties and struggles of life, and fit us for heaven; but he has been called upon, in the providence of God, to fulfil the still more arduous and sublime mission of those who, in helplessness, pain, and grief, are commissioned to "stand and wait."

Sickness and infirmity have stricken him down in the midst of his usefulness and honors; unceasing pain, from which sleep affords scarcely a temporary refuge, has racked his aching head; deafness, ren-

dering verbal intercourse extremely difficult, has shut him out from most of the endearing communications of the social circle and domestic hearth, and the soothing and cheering sounds of nature, in which so much of the loveliness of life is found; disastrous losses of his moderate inheritance, and bereavement following close upon bereavement, desolating his family circle and his fireside,—now taking the staff upon which he leaned, and now the rising hope of his age, and now the beautiful buds just blossoming around his hearth,—have followed in quick succession, and, to the unbelieving heart, might seem sent as tests of his faith and patience, and of his belief in the doctrines he had taught. But all have been received as messengers of grace and mercy; and all have been converted into manifestations of the glory of Him whom he worships, and in whom he trusts. For what greater glory can God receive from humble man, than such exhibition of spiritual elevation above the severest of human sufferings, founded in such unshaken faith in his fatherly care and protection, and of the rewards that await meek resignation to his holy will? And thus, while his strength has been paralyzed, and his voice could be no longer heard in our assembly, he has been silently indeed, but most emphatically, preaching to us the ever-

lasting truths of his Christian mission, in language even more solemn and impressive than ever came from his warm heart and eloquent lips.

Truly indeed may it be said of him, that, —

> "As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
> Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
> Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
> Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

Thankful to Almighty God that the blessing of such a ministry, so full of instruction by precept and example, has been vouchsafed to us, and continued to us so long, and grateful to him who has served us so faithfully and so well, we rejoice that this fitting occasion has been allowed to us for a united expression of our gratitude, sympathy, and affection, and for thus adding our humble tribute to the happiness of his declining day; and we desire to record the expression of our feelings in the following resolutions: —

1. *Resolved,* That we deem it a cause of fervent gratitude to Almighty God, that in his kind providence he saw fit to establish the pastoral relation between our revered Senior Pastor and this Church and Society, and to continue it to the present day.

2. *Resolved,* That we gratefully acknowledge, and shall ever hold in fond remembrance, his entire

fidelity, untiring zeal, and eminent success in the discharge of his pastoral duties; his generous and hearty friendship, his ever-ready sympathy, and devotion to our highest interests collectively and individually.

3. *Resolved,* That, from our inmost hearts, we sympathize with him in the sicknesses, afflictions, and bereavements with which he has been visited; and humbly pray that they may be sanctified, to us as well as to himself, by the example of Christian meekness, faith, and patience, with which they are sustained.

4. *Resolved,* That we gratefully acknowledge the goodness of God, and his guardian care over us, in the establishment of our beloved Junior Pastor as our minister in Christ, whose zeal and fidelity in the cause of his Master have entitled him to our warmest affection and profound respect.

5. *Resolved,* That we rejoice in the peace and harmony that have always attended our union with them and with each other; by means whereof our individual happiness, and the welfare of our Society, have been signally promoted, and its energies and resources have been successfully called forth, on every occasion justifying an appeal to its sympathy or liberality, and for which, under Divine Provi-

dence, we are greatly indebted to the piety, wisdom, Christian liberality, and personal disinterestedness, which have uniformly characterized the pastors of this Society, and none more than those whom it is our happiness to have over us at this time.

6. *Resolved,* That, in view of these considerations, we contemplate the approaching Fiftieth Anniversary of the ordination of our Senior Pastor with deep interest, and desire that it may be suitably commemorated, upon the first Sunday of the new year, by religious services adapted to the occasion.

That he be informed, by the Chairman of this meeting, of this design, and requested to make such communication as his inclination may prompt and his health permit.

That the Junior Pastor be requested to deliver a discourse upon such topics as he shall think appropriate; and that these, together with the usual religious services of the Sunday, and with such occasional hymns as may be offered, shall constitute the proceedings of the day, — subject, however, to any alteration or addition which the Standing Committee may see fit to introduce.

7. *Resolved,* That a copy of the aforegoing Preamble and Resolutions be sent by the Chairman to our revered Senior Pastor, and entered at large upon

the records of the Society, with any written reply thereto which may be received from him.

8. *Resolved,* That the Standing Committee be requested to take any other measures which they may deem expedient for the observance of the day.

Respectfully submitted by the Committee,

CHARLES G. LORING,
Chairman.

JOSEPH WILLARD, Esq., after some impressive and appropriate remarks, moved the acceptance of the Report; which motion was seconded by Dea. ALEXANDER WADSWORTH, and passed by a unanimous vote.

A. E. JOHONNOT,
[A true copy.] Clerk of the West-Boston Society.

The following reply to the above Preamble and Resolutions was received from Rev. Dr. LOWELL, by the Chairman of the Standing Committee: —

"RICHARD SOULE, Esq.

"My dear Friend, — I thank you for the affectionate manner in which you have communicated the beautiful, and to me very affecting, Report of the Committee of the Parish, in reference to the Fiftieth Anniversary of my ordination, and the information that it has been unanimously adopted by the parish with which I have been so long connected, and which fills so large a place in my heart.

"I should deem it proper to express my deep sense of these proceedings in this acknowledgment of your communication; but I had already prepared an address to the parish, to be communicated, Providence permitting, on the first Sunday in January.

"Very affectionately,

"CHARLES LOWELL.

"ELMWOOD, Dec. 19, 1855."

A. E. JOHONNOT,
Clerk of the West-Boston Society.

[A true copy.]

SERVICES OF THE OCCASION.

SERVICES OF THE OCCASION.

According to the contemplated arrangement, the anniversary of Dr. Lowell's ordination was to have taken place on Sunday, Jan. 6, 1856; but, on that and the preceding day, one of the most violent snow-storms for several years prevailed, blocking up all the railroads and avenues to the city. The Committee were unable to obtain a carriage to go to Cambridge; and the services of the anniversary were postponed until the following week.

On Sunday, Jan. 13, notwithstanding a driving storm of snow and rain, a deputation from the Committee of Arrangements (Levi Brigham, Esq., and Deacon Alexander Wadsworth) proceeded to the residence of the Senior Pastor in Cambridge, and accompanied him, in a close carriage, to the Church. The Church was well filled; but many more would have been present, had the weather been propitious,

and had it not been supposed that the services would again be postponed.

The venerable Senior Pastor, leaning on the arm of Rev. C. A. Bartol, the Junior Pastor, was conducted to the pulpit, which, by reason of feeble health, he had not occupied for some years. The services were commenced by the singing of the following original hymn, written for the occasion by Mr. Bartol: —

THE JUBILEE.

O ISRAEL! at the trumpet turn;
From toil set every household free;
While priests with people meet, and burn
To share the long-hoped jubilee!

Let royal psalms all ranks rejoice,
Each alien take his ancient ground,
The loosened bondmen lift their voice,
The lowliest Hebrew head be crowned!

Through fifty overarching years,
Their sorrows are a fleeting shade:
Fall now like far-off rain their tears;
In mercy's light their miseries fade.

A Christian jubilee we sing:
Guided in gloom, in grief consoled,
Through half a century's crowded ring
Our countless flock yet seeks one fold.

The church and shepherd, joined by God,
  A golden wedding celebrate,
With joy that flowers upon his rod,
  And peace outblooming earthly date.

Fast by your heritage still stand,
  Ye children! — for the past give praise:
Our younger with the elder band
  Breathe vows of love to endless days.

A short prayer followed by Mr. Bartol, during which the Senior Pastor stood by his side. Dr. Lowell then read the following hymn: —

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power!
  Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
  With better hopes be filled!

Thy love the powers of thought bestowed;
  To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed, —
  That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear
  Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
  Because conferred by thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
  In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
  Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye without a tear
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart shall rest on thee.

The Junior Pastor then read the twenty-third Psalm. Prayer was offered by the Junior Pastor; after which, the following original hymn, written by Miss Horatia S. Ware, was sung: —

BEHOLD, the years, the conquering years,
Run out man's little life!
Furrows and frosts and pains and tears
Proclaim the unequal strife.

Behold the soul, serene and strong,
Beneath its patriarch day!
Its morning beauty plays along
Its evening's glorious way.

So shines the day of him who wrought,
O church of Christ! for you;
Your homes and graves and hearts have taught
How faithful and how true.

His way of duty girdled round
Your every varied lot;
To God's deep providences bound,
And to himself forgot.

Time's shadows fall; he rests him now:
  O grace of God! descend;
Infold his heart, and bless his brow,
  And own him as thy friend.

The Anniversary Discourse, contained in the subsequent pages of this book, was then delivered by the Junior Pastor. At the conclusion of Mr. Bartol's discourse, Dr. Lowell delivered the Address, which will be found in its appropriate place.

The following hymn, written for the jubilee by Mrs. C. W. Richards, was then sung: —

GREAT GOD! to thee all praise ascribing
  For the teachings of this day,
May thy love, with all abiding,
  Be the sunlight of our way!
    Christ illume us,
    Christ illume us,
  While, as children, we obey.

Help us now, whilst, all imploring,
  Joyous memories in us move,
"Light of other days" restoring,
  Fifty years of peace and love!
    Still prepare us,
    Still prepare us,
  For eternal joys above.

The interesting services were closed with a benediction by the Junior Pastor.

The teachers and pupils of the Sunday school, desirous of manifesting their interest in the occasion, presented their token in the form of some most beautiful and fragrant bouquets, with which the communion-table and baptismal-font were tastefully decorated by a committee of their number. At the conclusion of the public services, a bouquet was presented to each of the pastors; and some time was spent in the exchange of salutations between the Senior Pastor and the old, the middle-aged, and the young of the flock, who thronged the aisle to take the hand and receive the affectionate greetings of their venerable friend.

Dr. Lowell, who seemed to be very happy on the occasion, and deeply to enjoy the welcome of his friends, after bidding them an affectionate farewell, was accompanied to his home by the same Committee by whom he was attended in the morning.

In the afternoon, Rev. Mr. Bartol preached a discourse upon the life and character of Rev. Mr. Hooper. The other discourses were delivered on the succeeding sabbaths.

ADDRESS OF DR. LOWELL.

ADDRESS OF DR. LOWELL.

On the first day of a new year, a council was assembled in Boston for the purpose of introducing a minister to the pastoral care of the West Church.

It was a beautiful day; a day, — as was remarked in the service of the ordination, — "without a cloud." The sky was clear and serene; there was no strife in the elements; all was calm. The transactions of that day were in unison with the harmony of nature: there was entire unanimity in the call of the parish to their new minister; there was entire unanimity in the vote of the council to proceed to his ordination.

All this was considered as the harbinger of a peaceful and happy union. Half a century has passed away, and the augury is as yet fulfilled.

He who, fifty years ago, was inducted to this charge, and who now addresses you, is able, as it regards the connection and intercourse between

minister and people, to say, "It has been a ministry without a cloud." Nothing has occurred to disturb its tranquillity, — nothing to bring even a *shade* of darkness over it.

I have been with you, not only "without fear," but in intimate and confidential affection; as a father with his children, and a brother with brothers.

You have told me your joys and your sorrows, your doubts and anxieties, your forebodings of evil, and your anticipations of future happiness on earth and in heaven; and I have largely shared with you in all. Who has rejoiced, and I have not rejoiced? Who has been sorrowful, and I have not mourned? "Who has been weak, and I have not been weak? Who has been offended, and I burned not?"

But how abundantly have you repaid me with good! *My* joys have been *your* joys, and *my* sorrows *your* sorrows. In health and sickness, in prosperity and adversity, I have had your constant and earnest sympathy.

I have kept back nothing that I thought would be profitable to you; and you have not deemed me "your enemy because I told you the truth." If you have spoken evil of me, I have not heard of it; if you have *thought* evil of me, it has not been known to me. In the long period in which I have been so

closely connected with you, not an unkind word or an averted look have I had from any one of you. All our intercourse has been uninterruptedly governed by the law of kindness and love.

But it is not only of those of you who are as yet on earth that I thus speak. To generation after generation I have ministered; and I speak, too, of those who have entered "within the vail." Yes, spirits of the beloved departed! standing on the confines of that eternity on which you have entered, I speak also of you. In deep humility of soul, I would fain believe that you remember me without reproach, and that your voices will be lifted up in my behalf on the day of final retribution.

I was a young man, my beloved friends, — but a little past my majority, — when I entered on this ministry. They were youthful arms which were then extended to assist in bearing up, under God, this ark of the Lord. It was a youthful heart that beat responsive to the earnest call that was made upon it for its sympathy and affection. I am now old, and enfeebled by disease; but my heart is still warm, and will still beat with affection towards you till it ceases to beat at all.

It is known only to Him who knoweth all things, how much longer I shall be with you, or how often,

if at all, I shall be permitted to meet you in this place of our solemnities, or in the intercourse of private life. It is my fervent wish and prayer, "that, whether I come and see you, or else am absent, I may hear of your affairs, that you stand fast in one spirit, striving for the faith of the gospel," and that, when all earthly connections are dissolved, we may dwell together in a world where the day is "without a cloud," and "our sun will no more go down."

INTRODUCTION TO MR. BARTOL'S DISCOURSES.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

COMMEMORATIVE AND HISTORICAL DISCOURSES, PREACHED BY C. A. BARTOL.

THE present volume will probably reach few or none who may not already have heard of the interesting occasion of the Semi-centennial Anniversary of Dr. Lowell's pastoral relation with the West Church. As respects that portion of the book, in the following discourses, for which the writer here is responsible, he must explain that his original design was to include whatever he should say of his predecessors in the pulpit in the single effort of that occasion; but he soon found that the slightest attempt at an execution of that design would break the plan of any sermon, and carry him altogether beyond the limits of a public religious service. The materials were accordingly shaped into successive addresses, which only complete the idea of the first, and are now put forth at the request of the parish, for whose benefit they were composed. The motive of their appearance is in no personal wish of the author, but in the judgment expressed among the people to whom he ministers, that they might serve a permanently good purpose for the Society itself, and

possibly for some wider circle of readers; otherwise the inclination to confine these thoughts to the attention of our own Christian family would have prevailed. It is hoped that the public, so far as its eye may be won to these pages, may not miss of being interested and edified by their perusal. Yet a sufficient reward will be gained for the labor of their preparation, if those, to whom what they contain was a spoken word, shall, from some further study of them, grow in that common consciousness, that feeling of unity and fraternity, by which they are already characterized and known.

As it pertains to the true character of an individual, that he should be fully aware of all his relations, and acquainted with the antecedents which define or modify his particular duties, till a just self-respect shall always with him come in aid of his virtue; so it deeply concerns a religious society not to be self-ignorant, but, in its age, to return with fond memory to its childhood and youth; to identify itself with foregoing and following generations; from its oldest to the youngest members, to be stirred with warm and holy emulation, especially of any great and good characters that have graced its annals; to be inspired, not with pride, but with a becoming dignity at the recollection of whatever has been worthy in its origin or noble in its career, and to incorporate what may be called an historic consciousness with the ever-acting personal and purely spiritual incentives to well-doing. To such an end is cheerfully offered this little contribution. Whatever power may come from this printed preaching will be less in the writer's part than in the memorials of others which he cites. The past, whenever it speaks its meaning, becomes a preacher, more affecting and persuasive to the soul than any of those who stand in pulpits, as

it has a voice, only the inward ear can listen to, akin to the internal whisper and silent word of God.

Let the readers of this book be advised, that whatever may seem slight in the present work must be charitably construed, in view of the fact that the brief sketches intended drew out their own at first miniature lines into broad biographical pictures, till the delineator was himself surprised with the attempt at coloring, nowise anticipated, which became the substitute for his at first meagre suggestions of light and shade. If, at the beginning, a proper history had been proposed, its range would, of course, have been more extensive still, and would have had such an accompaniment of notes and documents as might be necessary to verify the judgments expressed and the statements made; yet it is questionable whether in this case opportunity would have been found to do a work of really greater value. He that labors in a matter out of his accustomed track, or his real tendency, feels that he is laboring as with his left hand. What, therefore, is accomplished is, according to the small historic faculty employed, and the limited leisure of a busy professional life, continually exhausting every day's measure of physical strength for tasks of intense intellectual and sympathetic labor. Yet, though there has not been written, as there was not ability to write, a regular history of the parish, it may be said that much time and careful reflection have been bestowed on the reading of whatever could be found bearing on the various points of the general theme. Large tomes of chronicles have been consulted, and smaller volumes of tracts searched; manuscript letters have been perused; and recollections of those whose characters are portrayed, awakened in minds inscribed with fond records or actual types of the departed. Some

threads of tradition have been caught, not to lead to a repetition of old incidents and unimportant details, but as clews to decided traits of character. A debt is owed to the Historical Society of Boston, for opening some of its treasures; to the Athenæum, for an examination of its rich collection of Tracts; to Bradford's Memoir of Mayhew; to Dr. Lowell, for the information contained in his historical discourses, with their copious and very interesting notes; to "Memories of Youth and Manhood," by Sidney Willard, for interesting reminiscences and allusions; to George E. Ellis, and to Richard L. Pease, Esq., for some valuable hints; and to Joseph Willard, Esq., our esteemed parishioner, for the loan of an unpublished Sermon, delivered by his father, the President of Harvard College, at the funeral of Dr. Howard. From this cordial and conscientious tribute of the worthy and distinguished official head, in his day, of American literature, to his dearly cherished friend, liberty has been taken to draw largely for the account of Dr. Howard, whose characteristics it is peculiarly suitable that one of his own contemporaries should define. The broad and clear impression made by Dr. Mayhew on his age leaves in doubt no one who would follow the grand march of his mind. The consequences, in after-times, of his action, co-operative with that of other prominent spirits, make an inexhaustible mine, every fresh working of which yields new riches. The distance of Hooper from our own day, and his retirement from his charge, are perhaps among the causes of the imperfect register left us of his life. Those still among us, who have, by reason of a former relationship by marriage, a kind of hereditary interest in him, are possessed of no papers that throw special light on his course. Perhaps the whole result of this investigation

may stand for a while in place of some better and larger report of the foregoing administration of our affairs, and may afford materials of fact or thought to a hand more competent to this sort of writing, and less tired from the pressure of other toil. At least, let there be place for the prayer that our feeble work may not be wholly worthless to men, or cast out by the true judgment of God.

ANNIVERSARY DISCOURSE.

ANNIVERSARY DISCOURSE.

Zech. vii. 7: "SHOULD YE NOT HEAR THE WORDS WHICH THE LORD HATH CRIED BY THE FORMER PROPHETS?"

ON an occasion like this so very rare celebration of a Fifty Years' Christian ministry, in a single place, by one towards whom, in the minds of his friends, love and veneration strive to be each the foremost sentiment; one whose presence is a memorial of the past; whose life is the link for us of departed generations of preachers and worshippers; who looks round, and sees few of his contemporaries here or elsewhere alive; who feels that his main work has been done with those we ignorantly call dead, who live for ever; and yet that *he* also once stood young in a line of laborers in an ancient vineyard, striving to catch the spirit of his predecessors, which he still manifests abundantly now that he is old, — *his* junior in this charge may be permitted to

associate the departed forerunners with the honored senior, who is at once of the saints and in the flesh, standing long with the face holy cheerfulness gives to patience, one foot as in heaven, and the other upon earth.

As this our ministerial office will thus be brought to view in the light of some of its purest illustrations, I desire to say, beforehand, that I am not of those who would claim regard for men merely on account of the office with which they are clothed. The modern *Reverend,* as appropriated to a special function, I cannot like, any more than Jesus taught the first teachers of his religion to like or be called by the ancient Rabbi. The useful classes in the community, be they what they may; the servants of the state; the ministers of justice and health; the factors of commerce; the votaries of art, representing their select gift and lofty love in any of the forms of beauty; the students, faithful lovers and proclaimers of any truth; and the myriad swarming children of industry, who people the planet, and put their shoulders to the heavy wheels of this solid world, — all to me are alike reverend, so far as their motive, each in his divinely appointed sphere, is to do God's will, and bless their fellow-creatures. But the time asks of us now a tribute to the faithful and devoted

teacher of religion, as that style of manhood has been borne, by our forerunners and our venerable friend, on the very spot which finds here its centre.

I do not propose, however, even in this design of my discourse, to draw the character of my colleague and elder: death has given no one leave to do that. Were it possible I should be the painter, the time has not come for the portrait, save as the real inner likeness is with such vivid sincerity sketched in the outward countenance, of which it may be the privilege of canvas or stone to have some copy, but which we carry more truly in our sight, or in that memory and imagination which are the eyes of the soul.

With such vision, alone indeed, as a congregation, have we of late years beheld him. It has been a solicitous inquiry, whether we should see him otherwise even to-day. By the mercy of God, he is present with us. But when not present in the body, yet from this pulpit, and yonder doorway and vestry, and little sanctuary below of the Sunday school, can he to our thoughts ever be absent? After the sun has set, he sends often a glory through the sky, more touching and beautiful than his mid-day splendor. Such glory do vanished faces leave behind them in the rooms where, with a light that was love, they shone upon us. "*Thou art not gone, being*

gone," we may say to every friend on earth or in heaven who has stirred the better soul in us. We are not separated from our pastor by a little space that may be between us and him; we have ever in our eye his aspect, with its deep dints of decision and flowing lines of benignity; we note the flush of a warm temperament, through which beams a peace from within that transpierces with mild lustre the keen eye, and seems to lay the whitening locks ever more smooth and even on his placid brow; we feel the atmosphere of ancient hymns and prayers that hangs round him, and is often vocal on his tongue; we hear the ring of his voice, in which an iron strength melts into cordial sweetness; we observe the earnest will which, in every gesture, is turned to motions of unaffected sympathy.

But our friend lives, and is here. I restrain myself to this merely outward and superficial suggestion of his wonted look: I enter into no explanation of the inner being, sacred to God, sacred to man. Far from me be the presumption of praising him, of substituting my description for your knowledge, or of anticipating the honorable duties, which many a one will by and by be so glad to perform, of his biographer and eulogist. For, however I might please you or myself, I could count only on offending him,

as any generous soul would have a right to be offended, by my so doing; and this assembly has come up hither for no curious gratification of its own, but that we might altogether, from our joint hands, tender a cup of holy joy to him whose season of delight and gratitude this day, that looks back over nearly two generations, and forward into the endless heavenly cycle, peculiarly is. The time is his. God grant that whatever is said or done from first to last in it may make him happy!

But though I shall not describe, I may for myself, and in your name, at least greet him. — My Elder, and long my companion, God has heard, God has crowned, your and our fond wishes and prayers, in sparing you to this hour! God has given you one draught of plentiful and overflowing satisfaction in the midst of much suffering. God has permitted to us the old and dear irradiation of this temple with your familiar presence and look, of which disease cannot take away the charm, dim though it may the color, and waste as it must the fulness of the material shrine. Even at the distant coming of this day, we have been glad to see "hope elevate, and joy brighten your crest," and, as it drew near, a fresh inspiration light up your eye, kindle your faculties, and urge the warm and generous blood more quickly through your veins.

And now, "our father in God," by no formal title or ecclesiastical appointment, but by the sentiment of your people, we will gladly solemnize the season. Your friends are around you. For how many years they have stood by you! Your fidelity to them they have well answered by their faithfulness to you. Their votes and actions respecting you are an accurate transcript, like the true copy and pattern of heavenly things made for God's ancient church, of your affections and prayers for them. Some of them have come from the places, whither time and change have scattered them afar, to observe and magnify your jubilee. Your own flock, at your wonted signal, crowd after their shepherd into the fold. Like the flocks in the East, they have always followed you, and been drawn, not driven; and no friendly voice uttered, or pleasant pipe blown afar by the keepers of the sheep on Syrian plains, has been less strange or more welcome to the ears that heard it than your tones have been to them. Many of them you have joined in the bands of marriage. Many of them in infancy were received into your, next after their fathers' and mothers', arms. With many of them you have prayed at the bed of their sickness, or stood, with support and assurance in your look, over

the coffins containing the forms they could no longer clasp to their bosoms. On many of the brows, now expanding to shadow forth all manly and womanly thought and feeling, when they were soft and spotless, (oh, to any Christian pastor, thrilling sight and experience, which in some measure I share with you!) your hand has left the emblem of Christian purity in the waters of baptism; and the bread and wine, which are the tokens of a Saviour's love, you have broken and poured, for all you could gather to his table, with much love of your own. All this you have done, till the locks of your own youthful strength have grown hoary in the doing of it. For some years, this pastoral activity has inevitably diminished; and there is a not inconsiderable part of our host here with whom you have had little or no intercourse. But those of our number, not a few, whom we have welcomed to these seats since the interruption of your active service, now conspire cordially with us in offerings to you of respect.

For myself, long associated with you in a most tender and trying relation, without one ungentle word or gloomy cloud coming between us, in a harmony which seemed to have about it a character and spell of necessity, so impossible has it been for any circumstance to have power to turn it into discord,

or any change to bring it to a close; feeling that you can have heard or seen nothing of wilful deficiency, on my part, to the vows I have assumed, and shall fulfil to the end, — I am happy to be, to-day, their organ of expression. You may imperfectly hear my speech, and indistinctly see throughout the gathering of this assembly; but the outward seeing and hearing could not, by any means, embrace the whole significance for you of this occasion. Though you could hear and see perfectly all that is here said and done, other voices than mine are in your ear; other sights than of this congregation are in your eye. Lo! at this instant the past rushes back upon you. Lo! through this sound the past echoes out upon you. Fifty years of ministerial labor! It is like an age in the history of the race. How many thousands, young and old, have, during a period so vast, been counselled, warned, guided, and saved! What successive troops of children have been taken by the hand, how many aged have received the last earthly farewells! A veteran spiritual adviser, gazing back over the course, lined as with alternate cradles and graves, and brightened with the growth and strewn with the decay of all that is most strong and lovely in life, along which he has travelled, must feel that he has

seen whatever can occur, tasted of all that is sweet or bitter in existence, spanned in his own term the entire compass of humanity, been contemporary with many generations, and lived a full round indeed of mortal life through no very insignificant part of the duration of the world.

I have stood upon a hill-top, commanding almost a complete circle of the sea, and beheld countless ships, on their ceaseless voyages, holding their way over its mighty deep, — some disappearing, as thousands had done before, over the horizon's misty edge, some just coming with spotless sail and slender figure into sight, some in full and fine career midway along the line of vision. So you stand on your eminence of years and acquisitions, and mark the sailors, in tiny boats or majestic barks, in their course over the solemn ocean of life. What multitudes, once before you, have disappeared from your vision! But all in the compass of your present observation salute you as they go; and calls and beckonings of arrived and glorified ones, I doubt not, are well nigh perceptible to your mind. The coming of human beings into the world, their departure out of the world, their most momentous connection in the world, their births, their marriages, and their deaths, those commonplace headings of the daily

advertisement, yet most blessed or solemn occasions of mortal existence, the sources of the deepest emotions of human sorrow or joy, the subjects of all history and inspired poetry, the beginnings of the great eras in our earthly life, and the dates to which eternity itself will look back, — these primary events of our being are all intimately related to the duty and spiritual experience of the Christian minister. The entries upon his book are also the most important facts in the page of the civil register; the notice of the public press, or the short but significant lines in the private journal, or blank leaf of the Bible, containing the domestic record. After the parent's own, no eyes look a warmer welcome than the minister's to the babe he takes as a lamb into his charge. After the incomparable sympathies of conjugal love and joy, no heart rejoices more in fit unions between man and wife than that of the minister who is called to unite them. After the weeping of the bereaved kindred, no tears fall so warm and free over the pale, still corpse, as the minister's. There is no bond in the world more pure and beautiful than his, as it is woven into all the other great bonds that hold human creatures or immortal spirits in one.

Towards the immortal our elder pastor now peculiarly looks. In many a forward, upward line of

thought and expectation, we, that are younger and less experienced than he is, and have not known those with whom he has been acquainted, may not be able to travel with him; but into the history of this religious Society, that stretches back of him and us all alike, we may by the path of the record go together.

My friendly hearers, the brief limits of pulpit discourse will allow me to do no more, by way of the historic recollection I have proposed, than faintly to sketch the characters of those who have gone before the present ministers in the duties of the Christian ministry to this religious body. As, on great occasions of solemn commemoration, or ovation and triumph, among the nations of the Old World, the images of heroes were borne in procession, and are by the magic of art, in some of its finest remains, preserved to us, painted or sculptured in the rock as in actual motion, so I shall barely attempt to make the faces of our worthies pass and flash for a moment into view. As the great reason why a nation should rejoice that it has a history, and rejoice in recounting that history, is that it may be stimulated to new achievements of dignity as it breathes over again the spirit of its fathers and founders; so for the same reason should a church be glad to

revive its annals, and deepen the inscription of its mighty names, that they may last in the hearts, and inspire the worthy efforts, of men when gravestones can hold them no longer. The glorious history of your Society was named in my letter, nineteen years ago, as among the motives inclining me to accept your invitation, as I began, somewhat curiously in my service among you, almost precisely the second century of that history. Let the poor delineations, to which alone my pen is equal, do something for our common advantage in a fresh feeling of the bonds that bind us together, to explain the meaning of that motive. "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth for ever," saith the preacher. So a religious society, the most glorious thing on this earth, constitutes in all time, long as it endures, a grand — shall I not say incomparably grand? — unity. He that properly speaks of it, or to it, has in mind not only its present members, but the past and future, — its whole life and heritage on earth and in heaven. I have read assiduously in the general chronicles of the times, and I have explored carefully the publications of the pastors of the West Church, for this purpose of commemoration; but I shall have little room for referring to authorities, verifying dates, and making quota-

tions of biographical details, save simply to extract from them the coloring matter for the portraits I would present. I shall pay my respect to the facts, not by being what is called a man of facts, heaping them on paper together, useful and indispensable office as that may sometimes be, and greatly as I myself respect it; but only in the spirit and essence I can, by my attentive perusal, press out of their accumulation: for it is the actors I would call up; not all their words or actions, but only such incidents and expressions as may denote them truly what manner of men they were. As it has been thought there was some mysterious art by which the Prophet Samuel re-appeared to Saul; so we may spiritually try, by an art beyond all ancient or modern magic, to see *our* former prophets. I may be able to restore only the shadow, not the substance, — "the smallest part and least proportion of humanity." For one at least I shall have to present, of whom —

> "I tell you, were the whole frame here,
> It is of such a spacious, lofty pitch,
> Your roof were not sufficient to contain it."

I believe, that, without panegyric, I state the simple, unexaggerated fact, when I say that all the ministers of this Society, of whom I shall speak, have

been distinguished for certain grand common traits, seldom perfectly united in the same character, for independence and liberality, for bold dissent from prevailing opinions, with complete charity, and for manly assertion of the laws of reason, with child-like openness to the inspirations of faith.

Little, therefore, in this service, remains for me to say, as I have declined the task, however in other circumstances necessary as well as honorable, of analyzing the mind, or describing the character, of my senior in this associated ministry. The events indeed, in the parish, that have transpired during the last fifty years, in all that has been done and suffered by the now wearied laborer, with the members of his charge or with his compeers in the field, might furnish some tempting topics to a pen which no scrupulous sensibility should check, no sober thought lift from the sheet on which it wrote. But, be it from a just instinct, or a too fearful restraint, some of these events I cannot deem yet a fit subject of public history, — cherish as we should, in all modest ways, their memorials. Nor, sustaining the same *relation* to you with my sire in wisdom as in years, does it become me to advert to *that*, in the way of opening at any length my particular understanding of its obligations, which, in reference to

his own interpretation of them, he has with a serious simplicity and constancy discharged.

But, to the greeting I have already, in your name, given him, I may be permitted, in closing, to add some expression of the love for him you have entertained. You have so often in private, and in your joint action as a Society, declared and proved this love, that it would be the most needless of supererogations, and to him most unacceptable of offices, for me, on my part, to undertake in any way to communicate to him of it any information. But as it is possible that even my poor words at this time may be remembered or quoted, so as to come into some general report beyond the limits of these parochial precincts, I may be allowed to stand here a public witness of the affection which this Christian body has cherished for its elder pastor. From the peculiar position I have held here among you, no one, I humbly conceive, can be a better, more unsuspicious witness of it than myself. For nearly twenty years I have been spectator of the close sympathy, and auditor of the long account of charity, between you and him. May I not without offence say that I have, with such little strength for hard work as God has given me, even assisted in a transmission of the tributes you have rendered him, and, upon the com-

mon hearthstone of our great family, have been busy in tending the fire of ardent feeling that has brightened his countenance, while it has warmed and cheered you all? I have accepted it as my place to be forward only to second his exertions; to toil for you where he could not; to take the services his failing energies left; and, when the visitation of God touched with sickness as well as infirmity his outward frame, I have had it for my care to stand wherever you pleased in his place, and answer your innumerable inquiries after his welfare, esteeming it a happiness of my own to carry kindly messages between his chamber and your homes. I therefore know, and may not unworthily offer testimony of the fact, that the great heart of this West Church has beat high with good-will towards him. Whoever, at a post such as that it is my privilege to occupy, may have found the old pastoral tie weakened, the company of worshippers alienated, and longing for change, I for one, at my coming, on the contrary, met only with pre-engaged affections and pre-occupied hearts; and I have often thought that the bond between our great Head and the whole church, of which holy writ discovers a type in that between a husband and his wife, was, by the contract between the two parties here, realized through the strong absorbing

personal sentiment in which they both have so much lived, even to the hour of this golden wedding.

If one throb of my own heart may mix with the swelling joy of this occasion, I can only thank God that a people, so embraced and provided for, has looked not unkindly or jealously upon another, called to do the same ministerial work, according to his poor faculty, after a manner in some respects widely diverse, yet in a connection itself so sacred and pure as to exclude no number of fellow-workers who can join hands in peace and mingle voices in harmony. My friends, I can utter to you no words, of course, or have aught to do with any hollowness, that may ever be supposed to attach to public and formal expressions or resolutions. The truth, that holds the honor of the man, binds the conscience of the preacher; and, truly, I declare the union of pastors here to have been not unblessed. A colleagueship in the ministry has sometimes, on account of the peculiar and unparalleled delicacy of the relation, and the position more laborious than any lonely one for him that assumes it, been styled an evil invention. Such, in this case, I am sure it has not been, but, as I resolved, nothing other than an assistance to him who was your shepherd before I was born; and whatever hardship or discipline may

have arisen in my own lot, because some of the privileges or confidences, which are the natural rewards and encouragements of ministerial labor, belonged inalienably to another, I do not regret, but believe to have been wisely, as well as necessarily, appointed for my own defence and well-being. With my senior in this ministry, and with any responsive soul in these seats filled from yonder dwellings, having exercised among you a ministry than which few can have been harder or happier, I will therefore, in fine, unite to extol the tie itself between pastor and people, involve whatever pains and privations it may, — and pains and privations enter into every relation of life, — as among the grandest and most gracious that human beings can own. I devoutly thank God for the precious and holy friendships to which it has introduced me. Sooner would I part with the apple of my eye, and the hearing of my ear, and the breath of my life, than surrender them. I thrill with joy to feel their everlasting cords, with double hold, drawing me towards heaven, while they steady my little restless bark on the waves of time. Your minister's unceasing efforts are encouraged by friendly words, which the spirit continues to hear long after they are uttered, and by sympathetic looks, whose mean

ing is returned to you out of his own deepest pulsations. His appearances before you will have whatever light your countenances have for him. His solitude is made social with images from your dwellings, and with the vision of many faces which eyes of flesh can nevermore see; and, as they cannot see, we may be glad to exchange eyes of flesh for the higher vision of the spiritual body. While we love each other, birth and death shall show us only Jacob's ladder, with angels ascending and descending.

DISCOURSE ON WILLIAM HOOPER.

DISCOURSE ON WILLIAM HOOPER.

Psalm xl. 9: "I HAVE PREACHED RIGHTEOUSNESS IN THE GREAT CONGREGATION."

I TAKE these words, so expressive of the mind and spirit of a great and honest herald of moral truth to the people, as a description substantially true of the first minister of West Boston, for whom this church was gathered, or who was himself the instrument of gathering it, in 1737, — just one hundred and nineteen years ago. If I may judge from the notices of him I have seen, and still more from his published writings which I have read, he was a man of natural nobility of spirit and vigor of mind, joining clear method of thought to fine eloquence of diction.

After a nine-years' ministry, to the surprise and grief of his people, Hooper suddenly sundered his relation with them, and entered the Episcopal

church. How far he may have been attracted by the ecclesiastical form and order of the English communion which he adopted, I cannot say; but probably not much, if at all: for, as he appears not to have been a Calvinist, but an Arminian, and at one time to have given offence to some of the Congregational ministers by the want of orthodoxy in a sermon he preached at the Thursday Lecture, giving rise to a correspondence between them and himself, he may have retired to escape from that narrow court of sectarian intolerance, whose arbitrary indictments and severe judgments are offensive to none so much as to men of native faculty, with the power and love of free thought, like himself. This correspondence, which is in the possession of the Historical Society in this city, I have thoroughly examined, and copied for the Appendix to this Discourse a letter of Hooper. From the whole tone of the correspondence, I should judge, that, though it did not of itself produce any permanent alienation of feeling, it yet did indicate a spiritual atmosphere not congenial to a man of a spirit so fine, an independence so instinctive, as that of Hooper, and from which, therefore, afterwards he may have chosen to withdraw. His offence lay in his assertion of a more liberal idea of the divine attributes than then prevailed; implying,

as his brethren were sensitive to conclude, that, in their doctrines of the Divine Holiness and Grace, they had represented God as being of a severe and revengeful disposition. In breadth of ideas, and magnanimity of temper, I think he was far before them; and the letters written on their part expressly give him credit for education and ability, equal, if not superior, to those of any of his associates; though they insinuate that he was too much of a free-thinker, and had been a too copious reader of the books put forth by the free thought of the times.

It makes one gravely smile and sigh in the same moment to look back and see, while the strides of man's improvement have been revolutions of the world, what pains and tears the slightest steps of his progress have cost. Every hair-breadth forward has been in the agony of some soul; and our humanity has reached blessing after blessing of all its vast achievement of good with bleeding feet. I claim not Hooper, indeed, as one of the great reformers, who are voices in the wilderness of successive ages, and leaders of vast and endless populations of men; but I do rank him in the class of intellectual and religious pioneers. Though he seemed to go back when he joined the establishment, he really went forward;

as the apparent retrogradation of a planet is an actual speeding, with undiminished velocity, on its way.

We need to be always warned against unduly exalting our favorites, or indecently depressing their opponents; and justice to the dead is a duty of the more peculiar moment and incomparable obligation, as the dead do not appear to reply to our allegations. I therefore will not let the least shadow of unfairness fall from my pen upon those who, in the matter I have referred to, called my predecessor to account. In applauding the venturesome spirits who would cheer or spur mankind onward to better regions, which their solitary thought as the only traveller has visited, we must not too hotly blame those who have served as a perhaps safe and necessary drag on the world's motion. The advance of the race on earth is always, and was, no doubt, providentially intended to be, a resultant of conflicting forces, as every star in heaven gets on from the strife of centripetal with centrifugal tendencies. Or, if I may risk a more humble illustration, of which I am oftener reminded, the many human agents, moving each in his own way towards the providential end, resemble the lines of the mathematician's problem upon the board to his scholars, which, representing forces that run in

many directions, are yet to be resolved into one power, and concentrated upon a single result. So is it in the mighty world of matter; so is it in the mightier world of mind. And, while I sympathize and accord with Hooper alone, I must honestly say that the correspondence with him on the part of those who had waited upon him for conversation or admonition, though severe in its insinuations, was carried on with as much kindness, so far as I can see, as their actual, though it may be not perfectly enlightened, moral sense would allow.

Whether in the theoretical creed of the new enclosure he found a refuge or not, he no doubt found a larger accommodation of practical liberty in a church whose ritual genius is to include as many as possible; unlike the dogmatic genius of the old, stern, Puritanic faith, which came to winnow the world, whose fan was always in its hand, and which, in the business of purifying and separating, has at times inadvertently thrown away some of the largest kernels of the wheat. Like the son, whose clear signature is found on the American declaration of political independence, William Hooper, the father, probably by his act virtually meant to assert in his person the religious rights of the mind; and his declaration of a grander independence came first.

I fancy he went, according to an old motto, always for things, not words; and it mattered not to him that the Congregationalists stoutly affirmed, nay, generally vindicated and rescued, Freedom, if in any instance they violated her spirit and law. From earlier and later doings, we have learned that the brethren may be as tyrannical as the bishops, and one be sentenced by his peers no less unmercifully than by his lords. Hooper's own church would, no doubt, have sustained and kept him: but a local church then was more entangled with and subjected to others around it than, thank God, it is now, or ever can be again; and I can well conceive the lofty motion of a generous spirit with which our first pastor departed, rather than expose his friends to inconvenience on his account, though tears were doubtless in his eyes, as well as theirs, upon his going. He very likely had no taste for the "conscientious contention" which a great man has reckoned as existing among the nobler characteristics of our theological forefathers, and could not abide a too rigid and uncompromising inquisition, as I am very glad he could not, into his private opinions. Certainly I find touches of this large and magnificent temper in his compositions, which, for all our boasted progress, in their broad stroke exceed many

of the most lauded and popular discourses of the present day.

On the whole, Hooper appears to have been marked by qualities uncommonly individual and sincere. In him, in an age of dogmatism and harsh judgment, the Christian was not lost in the sectarian; and, at a time when the distinctions of scholastic faith often confounded the instincts of the heart, the theologian did not overpower the man. His very hand-writing, much bolder and more legible than the small and interlined epistles of half-inquiry and half-arraignment addressed to him, which I confess I find it somewhat difficult to make out, is emblematic of the large character of reason and humanity in the moral sentences transcribed from his mind. I find something, perhaps, characteristic of him in general, in a curious mixture of strong humor with holy indignation, in his writing, in an epistle to a brother minister who was about to admit to the communion-table a woman of whose ill-desert Hooper was cognizant, *that it would be more proper to take her to the whipping-post.* If he had faults, of which the register does not appear, though some may think his desertion of his people implied them, I am confident they were not those of hypocrisy or double-dealing in any form; and his sum-

mary leave-taking of his charge perhaps only indicated a nature whose first necessity, like that of all great natures, was conformity between its action and its thought.

The alienation of men from each other, on account of different convictions of truth, is strangely complicated with differences of early association, intellectual training, and personal temperament; and all these causes, no doubt, had their full share of influence in causing Hooper to diverge from the fellowship of the Boston fraternity, of which, for a time, he formed a part. In the slight portraiture I have made of him from the meagre hints left us, as a few pen-marks sometimes succeed in giving a tolerable likeness, I have watched carefully against exaggeration, knowing how easily we clothe those we discourse about, and are connected with, and so inclined to commend, with a plumage of moral beauty, finer and softer than before the eyes of men they actually wore. On the whole, I do not think I have ascribed to my first predecessor more than his fair deserts: to do as much as this, I have considered to be my providential duty at this time. It is our special call to do justice to those who belong to us, and to provide for the proper and worthy fame of our own household of faith and worship, as

well as for the mortal sustenance of the inmates of our dwelling. Who will mete out to them the equitable judgment if we do not? In this hurrying world, but for our pious care, their names, in some cases, would be no more retraced or recollected than their deep-sunk bones and ashes would be disturbed. The chisel, I think, has as worthy a use, in sharpening some old worn or moss-grown inscription, as in finishing the last and most showy invention of the day. Pardon me, if, with something more than a cold office of local or professional obligation, yea, even with a zeal and labor of love, I regard it as my business to revive the memory of those who have toiled and endured and died in the service of this church; doing for your spiritual ancestors, as they frequented their houses or stood forth in the sanctuary, what their successors have humbly striven to do for you. A willing instrument, indeed, I am for their honor; but you will believe that to their honor my conscience is bound to render the not unmeasured, but scrupulous, award. If their exalted spirits attend to our sayings, as I not seldom feel they overhear us, may they be not unpleased! Above all, may the Great and Good Spirit, that surely sees and hears, approve and bless!

APPENDIX

TO

DISCOURSE ON WILLIAM HOOPER.

It had been my design, by the kind permission of the officers of the Historical Society, to copy the entire correspondence, so far as preserved, with Mr. Hooper, relating to his supposed heresy, or reflection upon the superstition of other preachers, regarding the attributes of God; but, after a careful examination, I do not see that there would be any object accomplished important enough to compensate for the labor and space required in transferring to these pages so much matter. The points in debate are stated, and the inquisition into his views sufficiently implied, in his own letter. I have another reason, — that while Hooper's words, clear and bold as his thoughts, are entirely legible, so that he who runs can read them, I have been quite unable to decipher several of the expressions in the fine chirography of the epistles — sometimes interlined, and with paragraphs crossed out, as though they were composed with much calculation and painstaking revision — addressed to him. As I do not copy these letters, let me do them the justice of saying they

appear to me to have originated from just and candid motives, though, as I think, exaggerating the importance of theological agreement, in words and dogmas, among ministers, and seeming to assume a kind of censorship, whose benevolent and well-wishing tone cannot make it wholly acceptable to any one who feels that he has formed his opinions conscientiously in the fear of, and with willing responsibility to, God.

Whether I am right in the belief that the disagreeableness of this doctrinal congregational inspection so wrought in Hooper's mind as to cause his leaving the whole clerical body he had been associated with, as he could only do by leaving his own church, I leave others to make up their minds as freely as I have my own. There seems to be something in the story, as we read it, objectionable in the manner of Hooper's departure; but I am persuaded the charitable is the true construction of his inducements to a step so sudden, and which to us appears so secret. Those who might be able to explain his conduct to our perfect understanding and satisfaction, are, on earth, dead like himself. Let us hope those of his own flock who might have been hurt at his going, which was to them so great a loss, are now alive and reconciled with him in heaven. Possibly he left quietly as he did to avoid the trouble and public discord that might have arisen from publicity in the trial, with all its circumstances, of his case; while it may be that the exigencies, not uncommon, of a vessel that is to set sail, may have hastened, beyond his own anticipations, his voyage. We certainly cannot suppose he would, like some voyagers, *wish* to leave, as he *did*, on the Lord's Day. I feel confident he would act honorably to those from whom he separated, as well as to those with whom he was afterwards connected.

From a Letter of Mr. Hooper to Mr. Colman.

"I am very sorry that my sermon gave uneasiness to you and the ministers, or even to the least Christian; for I remember the words of our blessed Saviour, 'Woe to him that offendeth one of these little ones!' and, I assure you, I was far from designing to trouble anybody. My conscience bears me witness that my great and only view was to vindicate the divine character from the false and mean imputations of superstitious men; and did it appear to me that any thing I said was unjust to the adorable name of God, and served to lead men astray in their notions or worship of him, I should be the first to condemn myself; for upon right conceptions of the Supreme Being depend all religion and morality, all the peace and happiness of mankind. But, upon a serious review of my notes, I must say that I think I have been misunderstood; for nothing appears to me deserving the displeasure of an attentive and candid hearer. As to the impropriety of some words I may have used in speaking of God, or the mean composure of the discourse, I am ready to confess that both my language and manner of prosecuting a subject are far from being able to bear the examination of but an indifferent judge; but, as to the thoughts I delivered, I think they are agreeable to Sacred Scripture, and to the opinions of the greatest, and even of such as are generally esteemed Orthodox, divines. Particularly, I do not find the least in any one part of my sermon that the doctrines of grace and holiness, as preached in this country, serve to lead the people into apprehensions of God as a peevish, vindictive, or revengeful Being. I do not mention one word of the way of preaching here; and I assure you, sir, it was not in my thoughts, either at the composing or de-

livering of the discourse. I have heard gentlemen here preach of the grace and holiness of God in a manner very agreeable to me; and particularly I am pleased with what I have heard Mr. Colman preach upon these subjects, and with what you write in your letter now before me. As to the behavior of some, when any thing extraordinary comes to pass in the course of nature or in the government of the world, I say that some men are so weak and ignorant as to think that upon such occasions God is in a terrible anger, and so are induced to fear him: but they fear him not as a just and righteous Judge, but as a cruel, powerful Being; not so as to be deterred from their evil courses, but so as to make amends for a debauched and vicious life by idle, external observances. But there is not the smallest insinuation that wicked men ought not to be afraid of the divine judgments, or that the best of men ought not upon such occasions to reflect upon and examine their lives, in order to see whether or not they may have had a hand in bringing these calamities upon the world. And I think Pharaoh and his people, and all wicked men, should tremble at the judgments of God, and be induced thereby to fly to his mercy through Christ, and cry for pardon. But what I call superstition is their praying to God for salvation, at the same time that they have no resolution nor heart to forsake their sins; and that there are such people, I believe nobody doubts. As for Moses, his trembling at the foot of Sinai, with submission, sir, I know not if it is mentioned to his honor. I have not time to examine the justness of the thought. It is thought a pious and noble sentiment of the Psalmist, 'Though the mountains should be moved, and the hills cast into the midst of the sea,' &c.

"I read with great satisfaction what you wrote upon the righteousness and mercy of God; and indulge me in saying that I think I am of the same opinion with yourself with respect to these grand points. God is a Being of infinite mercy; but, at the same time, he never pardons or passes by sin without full satisfaction to his rectoral holiness, as you express it. A God that forgives sin in such a manner as not to discourage it, or without regard to the honor or glory of his wisdom, righteousness, or justice, is not the God of the Scriptures, or even of natural reason. God is abundant in mercy, and jealous of his righteousness. These two, I think, are the sum of his moral character; and they render him sovereignly adorable, and sovereignly amiable; and I cannot see any thing in my sermon inconsistent with this notion of God. When I say that some men think of him as a vindictive and revengeful Being, I take these words in the sense in which they are used when applied to men, — revenge for revenge' sake, vengeance for vengeance' sake, without the restraint of law or rule. And I think this my meaning is so plain, that I wonder any uneasiness should have arisen about it. And I declare to you again, sir, that I think Scripture, reason, fact, all unite in proclaiming the justice as well as goodness of God; that his justice must be satisfied, as his goodness gratified, when he pardons sinners.

"I do not think there is any material change in my principles from what they were when I entered into the ministry here, and from what I professed them to be. Why some people think there is, is the different way of expressing myself, which arises from my having been educated in a manner different from the education of this country, and from my having dealt in the reading of other

books than what are commonly read at the university here. As to accommodating myself to pious persons and families, I am sorry there should be any complaint in this respect, and will do all I can through Divine Grace to please them, so far as truth and religion will allow me. The cause of our divine Redeemer, and many particular reasons, oblige me to do all in my power to serve the people of this town; and it is my daily prayer to God that I may faithfully discharge my office, and do good to this people as they have shown kindness to me. If I have not removed your uneasiness by what I have written in a hurry, I hope I shall be able to do it effectually when I shall have the honor of conversing with you. There is no difference at all, I think, between your sentiments and mine; or, if there is, I am apt to think you'll be able to convince me of the justness of your thoughts, you having weighed things with more judgment than I have done. As to some that are hard and uncharitable in their censures, I pray God may forgive them, and help me to do so too. Meantime, I earnestly beg your prayers for me at the throne of Divine Grace; for I want wisdom and all other graces becoming my condition and office.

"I am,

"Very reverend sir,

"Your most obliged and most humble servant,

"WILL. HOOPER.

"BOSTON, Feb. 13th, 17$\frac{39}{40}$."

NOTE TO PAGE 67.

Since writing the above Discourse upon Hooper, I have met with a sentence of Macaulay, which strikingly confirms the tenor of my remarks: "The truth is, that, from the time of James the First, that great party which has been peculiarly zealous for the Anglican polity, and the Anglican ritual, has always leaned strongly towards Arminianism, and has, therefore, never been much attached to a confession of faith framed by reformers who, on questions of metaphysical divinity, generally agreed with Calvin." — *Macaulay's History of England*, vol. iii. p. 85, *American edition.*

Let me also here say, that some further references, besides those contained in the Discourses upon Hooper and Mayhew, will be made to them, in another connection, in the Discourse relating to the church itself.

DISCOURSE ON DR. MAYHEW.

DISCOURSE ON DR. MAYHEW.

John v. 35: "He was a burning and a shining light."

I can think of no words better than these, expressive of the warmth and illumination which are the great agencies in the material world, to shadow forth the clear thought and fervent spirit of that man for whom this church seems to have waited, to emancipate itself into perfect independent energy for wide influence, and to make its pulpit his place where to stand, and shake all the despotism in the country and the world. I mean Jonathan Mayhew, settled in this ministry in the year 1747.

I have often wistfully perused his features in the engraving which, it is said, his friend the noble Hollis, of England, had made of him, to see how far I could detect in it the lineaments of his mind. If I did not know from what living original it was

taken, I think it would yet appear to me the portrait of a capacious intellect, a warm and open soul, a heart earnest to give and take sympathy, and a spirit eager to assert its own convictions, and maintain the principles of all truth. The mitre, which, holding a broken crosier wreathed by a serpent, is cast down under him, bespeaks the champion of the private conscience; but the venerable ivy-grown walls, the gray old stones, on which, as a background, the print of the countenance is impressed, indicate his abiding by the most ancient temple and faith of God and Christ, and wishing to overthrow nothing old that was true and good, but only the corruptions that had encumbered the divine glory. The likeness, once seen, like those of all the heroes and saints, makes its individual mark, stands distinct in our spiritual gallery of portraits, and can no more be forgotten or mistaken than that of Washington or Luther. As the artist sometimes seems to succeed in representing moving things, I think I can almost discern a forward, impulsive motion, symbolic of his perpetually active life, even in its cold, still lines.

We are curious to know something of the family of those who have distinguished themselves in life. But a truly great man always appears to us in the

depth of history, as we look back upon him, to stand alone. His soul is "like a star, and dwells apart." In the blaze of his intellect, hereditary traces, that we commonly see, disappear. Like King Melchisedec, as it is told in Scripture, he appears to be without father, mother, descent, beginning of days, or end of life. Genius has no parent or child: no hereditary transmission and no earthly record can account for its appearance, and the roots of no genealogical tree show the secret of the splendid flower. It comes and is gone, like that vessel Peter speaks of, descending from heaven, and drawn up again, without antecedents or consequents. Jonathan Mayhew was, however, the son of a truly good and faithful man, — Experience Mayhew, a minister of the gospel. A highly religious strain of character runs through all his ancestry; and his great-grandfather was, before the Apostle Eliot, of Roxbury, missionary to the Indians in what we know by the name of Martha's Vineyard. It is said, when this ancestor of Mayhew left his charge to sail for England, the Indians came in large numbers to meet and bid him farewell, and that the spot of their interview was marked by a cairn, or heap of stones, upon which every Indian as he passed threw another stone, to increase the monument of their reverence and love.

Upon that inconsiderable island of Martha's Vineyard was born Jonathan Mayhew, the man who was to move both continents with the breath of his mouth. He came into the world in the year 1720, — just a century after the landing of the Pilgrims; and I doubt not, in the eye of Him in whose hands are all our times, of living or dying; who orders events, and sends his rational agents, as he does the lightnings and the winds, to do his will, — the birth of Mayhew was a good centennial celebration of that epoch, whose meaning in his after-years he did so much to fulfil. Like a flaw in the most splendid work of nature or art, some mean vice will not unfrequently cross and stain the intellectual glory of the most famous men, so seldom does God grant to us any thing like perfection in this world. But, under his father's pious care, the childhood and youth of Mayhew appear to have been as spotless, as the manhood, that so struggled with or against others, was irreproachable by his foes.

After a full and long and calm survey of his career, I must unhesitatingly, for grandeur of aim, and mighty will to bring to pass his purposes, put him in the first rank of human spirits. I trust it is not any fondness of my subject that makes me think of him as, on the whole, among many sons of honor in

the department of religion in this country, the great American Divine. Others doubtless have excelled him in particular points; as Edwards in metaphysical talent, and Hopkins in application to theological studies; Channing in extent of moral reflection, and Buckminster in peculiar charms of speech: but, in broad relation to the public welfare, in power to unseal the fountains of influence into rivers which, like mountain-streams, determine the very shape and fashion of a country, he conspicuously transcended them all.

Cicero intimates, that to have praise from men who are themselves the objects of praise, is the choicest of all fame; and, humbly as it is necessary for me to speak, I need not hesitate to proclaim confidently so lofty an estimate of one whom the leading spirits of the time joyfully welcomed as their peer, and their greatest successors have quoted as one of the high equals, in power and operative virtue, that have adorned our whole history. I can but refer in an instance or two to their eulogies. John Adams, second President of the United States, speaks of him with unqualified admiration. Judge Paine, in almost an ecstasy of panegyric, declared him the father of civil and religious liberty in Massachusetts and America. His hand, and that of his great asso-

ciates in this Commonwealth, was felt at the helm of our bewildered vessel of state, before the voice of Patrick Henry, in Virginia, was heard rising above the storm.

He had a truly public soul, an ability in action, a genius for affairs, which made him the worthy compeer of all the civil authors of our national freedom and fundamental institutions; nor does the figure of the elder Samuel Adams or Otis, to the retrospective imagination, stand out in more distinct relief, on the canvas that shows the sublime forms of our political sires, than does that of this religious preacher of the gospel on the hallowed and ever-precious spot where we now stand.

He was great, because he was predestined and commanded to be great. His spiritual intuitions furnished and urged upon him the uncorruptible substance for his resistless logic to shape and wield. Intuitions, I say; for it is not intellect, or pleasing sentiment, or fine rhetoric, wondrous as may be their displays of ingenuity and eloquence, that can make the great man: it is rather the soul beholding principles, and ready to stand on the principles it beholds, at whatsoever cost, and though it alone in all the world take the position, and God alone of all the witnesses in the world comprehend the act. So the

soul of Jonathan Mayhew was great. Indeed, so large was his way of thinking, so piercing his insight into original truths, so wide his hearty interest in the Commonwealth, and so ardent his patriotic zeal to deliver the land of his birth from all injustice, and break every rod of oppression, that, ordained and set apart as he solemnly was to a particular calling, and that calling one of hereditary choice and reverence in his mind, he yet could not be confined to any peculiar so-called sacred function, or to any narrow exercise of his own office, even with the ministerial robes upon him, but would advance the cause of his fellow-citizens in all possible ways.

His was, in truth, one of the large natures, only occasionally appearing in the world, which can never quite submit to any understood lines drawn by the hand of man, or any professional or customary circumscription. He was ready to strike a blow for truth or freedom, wherever at the time it might be required, in Church or State. Though not a pietist, he was, however, profoundly and ardently religious. Though not a canonical saint, he was from the beginning blamelessly pure, and, as one expresses it, "sanctified from his birth." One imagines easily that his thought or heart, feet or hands, would have been equally ready for any service to his fellow-creatures;

that, where he moved at all, it would certainly be not lukewarmly, but with zeal, doing with his might what he found to do; and that he would have burned with the flame of every great emergency. In spirit, though in no literal way, he was a knight-templar; and there seems to be a clangor of arms in his very words. An imperial guard always lay in his soul, ready for a crisis in the battle.

From this earthly stage of time most of the actors retire, no more remembered after they cease to be seen; but the great performers, as mighty shadows and ghosts that will not down, keep their footing, with visionary pace, up and down on the broad floor of this sublunary theatre, before the eyes of long generations of men. The parts they play are so great and solemn, that the personations last for ages. They stalk the earth, not as perturbed but glorified spirits, for centuries after, in the body, they are dust. Jonathan Mayhew, the second pastor of the West Church, I must claim for one of those that have this majestic tread. The condition, not alone of this Christian society, but of this community and whole land, is different and better because of what *he* did and said, whom some in his time called a fanatic. Truly, it requires no Old Mortality, no antiquarian genius, groping dimly among the relics of the past,

to make his spirit return: verily, his spirit is here, and never went away. The currents are still flowing, and may never cease to flow, whose tide he increased and propelled. One of the masters, I call him, who, as in the poetic celebration of the casting of the bell that should ring for religion, freedom, and every occasion of solemnity and human joy, stood by, and gave the wise and grand directions when the elements were all molten around, and men's souls were everywhere tried as the national existence was to take its actual mould. He was great, because he did what the exigency required, — stood in the pass where the battle must be fought, and the hosts of liberty at length march through. One timely blow is worth a thousand; one fitting word weightier than whole debates.

To some of his writings I shall, before I conclude, have occasion to refer. I can only, in passing, now say, that in them he discussed the momentous themes of the times, with a wit, energy, and efficiency unrivalled by the pens of any of his theological brethren, unsurpassed by the finest and boldest utterances even of the political forum. Such subjects as the right of private judgment, the amenableness of the soul to God alone for its honest opinions, the question of passive obedience and non-

resistance, and of the responsibleness of rulers to the common welfare, were moved by him in a way to excite the unbounded joy of sympathizers, and unstop countless vials of to him impotent wrath from his foes. I confess I cannot read his political discourses at this day without a thrill akin to the tingling of the nerves, and hurrying of the blood, with which they were heard ninety years ago.

The chief trait of his mind was, no doubt, that burning love of liberty, civil liberty and soul liberty, which always makes a man great, and, whenever for his agency is given any scope, shows him great as he is. He was one of the quickest and earliest to catch the spirit that brooded over the face of the waters when the fountains of the great political deep among us were about to be broken up; and in every extremity in this country's colonial affairs, while he lived, no man was more courageous in speech, or more resolute and unflinching in procedure.

There was nothing hesitating or tardy in his influence; but it was always in season, and, as it were, from one who had risen before the break of day. Weak men are slow; never slow was he. In the year 1775, nine years after Mayhew's death, it is related that the British troops, suspecting that the

handsome steeple of the West Church, in Lynde Street, had been used for the purpose of giving signals to the Continental troops, then in Cambridge, razed it to the ground, to prevent such communication from being any longer had. It was certainly not strange, for some reasons of old association as well as convenient locality, that this particular steeple should have been so employed. But, alas for them! the enemies of the country were in this too late: the precaution, as in some other cases, was taken after the misfortune had occurred; the rebellious mischief had been done already inside the church, from a watch-tower loftier and more conspicuous than the belfry of the building; and, however those patriotic signals may have been concerted or held forth, whether by the waving of flags or by warning strokes of the bell, other more effectual signals had been given, in the eloquent mien of Mayhew, and the brave words of his lips, that did not vanish, like streaming banners, from the eyes of men, or die away, like other tones, from their hearing, upon the air.

Nearly ten years before that shrewd measure of British safety was adopted, like so many others, on the principle that prevention is better than cure, — namely, in 1766, on a Lord's-day morning in June, only a few weeks before his death, — Mayhew wrote

to Otis, that as he had lain in his bed, thinking of the communion of the churches, "the great use and importance of a communion of the colonies" appeared to him in a strong light, and he was accordingly led to transmit the suggestion at once to this champion and co-laborer in the great cause of freedom. His was, no doubt, the first mind upon which the idea in this shape had dawned; though that necessity of co-operation must have begun to force itself upon all, which appeared in a shape of such solemn beauty from heaven to him.

Surely it was a grand and fruitful hint, containing the germ of endless expansion; but what is most interesting in it, as respects the character of Mayhew, is the light of religious principle under which every political object appeared to his thoughts. The conception, moreover, only does justice to the fact of the lofty ground upon which our liberties were asserted and achieved, and to which the success of our own, as well as of an earlier English revolution, is to be so much attributed. An inspiration from God among us prompted the blow that was struck for man. Religion was the parent of our pure and sublime policy, and the church rather the begetter than the partner of the state. From the table of the Lord came the strength that nerved men, not

only for the ordinary trials of life, but to do and suffer for the deliverance of humanity from throned tyranny; and to this very place where we are assembled belongs the glory of the genius that gave perfect expression to the great law of our national life and prosperity. Indeed, if burning ideas, as well as the heroic deeds they prompt, can bestow a local dignity, then the preacher's desk, we here succeed to, must share the renown of the soldier's battlefield. Ay, this little green eminence, now shaven and smoothed, decorated fitly with fountain and trees, site of our former and present temple, found, I will say, even in the clash of arms on Bunker Hill, but some echo to its own worthy fame, as, to apply once more a familiar quotation, "deep calleth unto deep, with the noise of his waterspouts."

"The communion of churches, — the communion of colonies!" One feels irresistibly moved to repeat the comprehensive apothegm for a present application. The churches have remained, and multiplied as such; the colonies have become states, multiplying also without end: but the importance of their communion in the spirit of liberty has not ceased, though it is less against external foes than internal dangers that the bond of brotherly fellow-

ship is now required. Never, indeed, was it more desirable than now to re-affirm the twofold doctrine, of independence of arbitrary rule, and love of equal rights for all men as children of God, as constituting that braided and irrefragable bond. God grant that our ship of state, having weathered successive storms of foreign hostility, may not rot in her stout timbers on the quiet waters of peace; may not break bulk in the very harbor to which she has brought home her treasures of policy and wealth; may not have the beams of her strength cut and wrenched away by any mutineers among her crew unfaithful to the free and liberal ends of her voyage; may not be disunited, abandoned, and made by zealots a premature sacrifice to any single idea; and may not have her movements brought to a dead pause by divided partisan wills and factious counsels, in the government or out of it; but that the double union of faith in heaven and humanity on earth, which Mayhew urged and prayed for, may be our everlasting distinction; and all infidelity, sectional strife, and slavery, finally, peacefully, pass away before it!

Dr. Mayhew died on the 9th of July, 1766, having reached only into the forty-sixth year of his age, — as, in the expressive description accompanying

his likeness, we are told, "overplied by public energies." The nervous fever that he died of seems to have in itself some propriety as the close of a course of action so earnest, vital, sleepless, and indomitable throughout. His life seems a wonderfully short one, compared with the figure he makes among his fellows. But it was long, if not in its years, yet truly in its aims. It was long in the prophetic confidence and foresight of him, who was as earnestly stirred in spirit for his brethren and countrymen as Moses was for the Hebrews in Egypt. It was very long in the redeeming consequences that flowed from it, in conjunction with other emulous and noble lives, to the fettered bodies and oppressed souls of men. So measured, it is not even yet at an end; nor can we say when in the lapse of time it will be, though ten annual seasons more will complete an earthly century since the dust, once so marvellously animated, was quiet in the grave, and the soul ascended to higher circles of light and love, for fit companionship in heaven.

If, as has been said, no death is so sad as an unlamented one, and the degree of sorrow at one's departure is a measure of the importance of his life, Dr. Mayhew's warmest admirers may well be satisfied with the irrepressible testimonies to his worth

that waited at his sick-bed, and were paid to his memory. Throughout the region, his early, and as it seemed untimely, decease, was deplored by the friends of civil and spiritual freedom; and their grief became contagious, and ran over into a general sorrow. His correspondents in England, of whom the benevolent Hollis, the great benefactor of our college, and made such very much through Mayhew's influence, was chief, caught the affliction in all its severity across the sea. While his fate was yet in suspense, some of the clergy of his own neighborhood, who had suspected him of theological heresy, held express prayer; and Episcopalian ministers, whom he had especially offended, composed collects for this eager, spontaneous, and, if I may so call him, extemporary man's recovery. One reverend doctor, commissioned from the church to interrogate him respecting his views of the Trinity, upon calling, like certain officers spoken of in Scripture, either forgot, or thought it not proper to fulfil, his errand, and reported thus his conviction: "I believe he loves the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, sincerely." And when it was known he must die, another, inquiring of him if he still held to the tenets he had maintained, received for answer, with a faint, difficult, loving, as it were expiring, pressure of the

hand, "My integrity I hold fast, and will not let it go." Sublime reply, which it were well could every dying man adopt; better than any creed the wit of man ever devised, or pen of system-maker wrote, or synod imposed; and which may God give us grace in the last moment, in humble dependence on him and trust in our Lord and Master, to utter!

It is proper, speaking in general concerning the religious views of Mayhew, to say that he renounced the system of Calvin, which from the first has never been taught in this church; that he vindicated on all occasions the claims of individual conviction; resisted all contradiction of reason, though coming in the name of God, whom he worshipped as the inspirer of reason; interpreted the Scriptures with a judgment unchained from prescriptive dogmas; and preached a purity and liberality of doctrine, by which those who have grown up in the last generation may well be gladly amazed, as they find the principles, for which they had looked to later celebrated authors, perhaps of their own day, really derived from fountains higher up, substantially published a century ago, and preceding the great revolutions, in theology as well as politics, which they did so much to produce; so that one may be thus reminded of the poet's quaint lines beginning, "Out of the old

fields cometh all this corn." The venerated deceased Dr. Freeman, formerly of this city, who has sometimes been considered the first public advocate among us of the strict unity of God, expressly renders to Mayhew, so long his predecessor, the credit of a position for which, with its affiliated beliefs, they both were willing to do and suffer so much.

The character of Mayhew, if I may dwell a moment longer upon it, — and it clings the closer to every ingenuous mind the longer it is contemplated, — appears conspicuously in the qualities of his style. What perhaps strikes us most in his composition, is its wonderful directness. Repeatedly I have noticed in his printed sentences, that, when he comes to an end of his meaning, or so far that the rest of it is easily suggested, he thinks it not worth while to go any farther, but throws away the grammatical period, and terminates the sentence with a dash of his pen, quite significant of the man, as though he said, like his Master to the disciples, It is enough; you understand me; I need not say any more. His paragraphs go straight as arrows to their object; and I may add, that something of the whiz of the string, in his pungent satire upon the arrogance or folly he attacks, accompanies their fatal execution. He plainly tells the Mr. Cleveland, who had presumed, with no

qualification, either of ability or candor, to be his theological adversary, and who could but weakly and unfairly pervert his meaning, that his purpose in noticing his strictures at all was not to reply to, but to chastise, him. The most racy and original expressions abound on his pages, in pamphlets or practical sermons; so that I could fill a discourse with pithy quotations from his quaint and piercing lines. The naturalness of a child in his phrase and idiom is combined with an herculean grasp of the strength of the strongest of men. Not unfrequently his tone rises into a sort of sublimity, in which the most solemn persuasions of his mind mingle with tender and pathetic gushings from one of the most affectionate as well as resolute hearts that ever beat.

The sentiments respecting him, quoted from his intimate friends, that he was "endowed with singular greatness of mind, and fortitude of spirit; with softness and benevolence of temper; was most amiable in all the relations of life; exceeding in acts of liberality and kindness; a man of zeal, piety, and true devotion; an upright, sincere disciple of Christ," — I could accept on the evidence given of their truth in all his compositions, as well as actions. Not unfrequently he reaches to a strain wholly beyond the creative reach of common men. There are passages

in his volumes which, for grandeur of conception and a chastened magnificence of language, are truly Miltonic, and which I should be willing to place side by side with the noblest strains of that great elder brother of free and generous souls in all times, from whose name this suggestive epithet comes, and in whose "Apology for his Early Life and Writings" is a passage I would recite as applicable to none since the days of the British Commonwealth more than to Mayhew himself. I mean that where the poet, who could never keep his inspiration out of his prose, speaking of and defending various natural qualities of human character, among the rest describes "the invincible warrior Zeal, who, shaking loosely the slack reins, drives over the heads of scarlet prelates, and such as are insolent to maintain traditions, bruising their stiff necks under his flaming wheels."

As I contemplate Mayhew in his whole figure, one of my strongest feelings is that here is a man that belongs altogether to our country, to America. He was no European at all. Growing up in childhood in the midst of savage nature and savage men, to fall in after-years on perilous times, he was a pure production of the circumstances, necessities, the peculiar spirit, and providential destiny, of the Western

World; and as the earliest growths in the material world, if somewhat rude, are the most gigantic, so was it with his mind. His deeds and words savor of the rocks and trees familiar to his childhood, and sound of the ocean that was neighbor to his home. Refinement is a good thing as well as strength; but strength without refinement is much better than refinement without strength. Yet there was in his mind no lack of the native sense of courtesy, and consciousness of what was due to all; and no man has lived who more profoundly revered the supreme law of justice, — as the ancient sage says, the same at Rome and Athens, the same in heaven as upon earth, — from which all sweetness and courtesy come.

After an artist has endeavored to produce a general likeness, he makes a survey of his work, and then proceeds with the conscientious painstaking of a slower labor; going over his whole ground, from the first stroke to the last, to add nicer touches, hoping through minute finish to bring out, from what may be but a rude sketch, a more perfect resemblance. In the lines that have almost spontaneously, and without much conscious plan, suggested themselves, I feel that I have but roughly indicated the countenance I ought, before stopping, more carefully to depict. Were there in existence

any at once full and concise delineation of Mayhew, I should hesitate in attempting to draw so great a subject at all; but as it seems a task providentially devolved upon me to hold forth his image, at least to the members of this congregation, I beg leave to conclude my hasty portraiture with some characteristic incidents in the doings of his life or the expressions of his thought. The brevity to which I am compelled may be an advantage in making the likeness, if I may so say, more convenient and intellectually portable.

The very ordination of Mayhew in this church was but the opening scene of that mighty part of independence, of which, as of the resistless destiny in some Greek tragedy, he was at once, as I have already explained, both the instrument and actor. As much in religion as in politics he was prominent, and left his mark and ineffaceable signature on his age, the token and harbinger of opinions and a spirit to prevail widely long after he was dead. Like the Lucifer, in Guido's picture of the Aurora, he was divinely chosen to bear a torch before the coming of the sun; and darkness worse than that of the night receded before him. Of all the bold spirits among the clergy of his time, who either slighted or renounced particularly the Calvinistic

system of theology, he, fitted by nature to be the champion and leader of whatever cause he espoused, was the most forward and uncompromising. Accordingly, on the day appointed for his induction into office, of the invited ministers, already offended, or suspicious of a savor and taint of heresy in the air, only two, and not one of those from Boston, deigned to attend the council. On a second appointed day, without any evidence of concessions from Mayhew, — which it was not in Mayhew, from any timidity or regard to expediency, to make, — but very probably as a tribute to his undeniable power and worth, several churches were represented; so that the services were regularly performed, and he became the pastor of a church, which, to its real and great honor be it spoken, never wavered in its costly but well-rewarded attachment to him, — as it has never been found wanting to any of its pastors, — but, through good report and evil report, became for his trials only the more devoted to its lofty-minded spiritual guide, atoning for all obloquy or desertion in other quarters by its strong-siding support and unquenchable love. The heretical or unsafe man never became a member of the Boston Association of Congregational Ministers, that had no liking for new and dangerous things, and was in

some respects a quite different body indeed from what it is now. And so he never had any turn in the ecclesiastical privilege of preaching the great Thursday Lecture; but he had weekly lectures in his own church, most of which were afterwards published, and probably exceeded in their influence all the conventional and customary fruits of the regular institution.

It is not strange that the theologians, set for the defence, not only of the gospel, but of foregone and dogmatic conclusions respecting it, should have been alarmed at the aspect and speech of Mayhew. For the spirit of liberty, both civil and religious, did not seem to be so much a growth in his mind as an inspiration, — a genius full-born and consummate in the first moment of its existence. This appears from the fact, that perhaps the most remarkable was one of the earliest of his discourses upon the anniversary of the death of Charles I., in January, 1750, several years before Otis wrote on the "Rights of the Colonies," or that collision began, between the governors and the patriots of Massachusetts, which ended in the Revolutionary war. This was the first peal on the trumpet of freedom in this Western World, blown clear and loud enough to be heard over land and water far and wide. It announced the down-

fall of the city of oppression, as clearly as the rude blast of old was ominous of the downfall of Jericho. I confess I cannot read the sentences, that come like successive lightnings, in that discourse, without amazement at the intellectual and moral audacity that could hurl such hot and blazing things right into the face of arbitrary power. What an astonishment and distress the sudden flash and report must have been to all the authorities then in vogue!

No wonder the greatest republican souls of the day admired and quoted him, praised the "transcendent genius" that "threw all the weight of his great fame into the scale of his country," and felt that he was a peer among masters in all time that had ever striven to indoctrinate mankind into the principles of genuine liberty. The thought of Sidney or Hampden was no clearer than his upon the nature of political right or duty. The eye of Cromwell gazed no more steady and undazzled than his upon the pomp of courts and the glitter of royalty. Nor did Cromwell's mind, flushed with military success on many a desperate, hard-fought field, conceive of a grander protectorate than was present to that of the lowly minister of West Boston. No man, whose whole business was to conduct by the pen or the sword a quarrel with

arbitrary power, ever showed more decided bent and ability for rough and masculine controversy. No hater of despotic rule, from the first Greek to the last South American or Chinese rising against the hand and heel of oppression, ever swung a weapon of more terribly righteous Demosthenic invective. Certainly the English tongue has never in any use of it exceeded Mayhew's force of expression for the purpose he had in view. Upon the dogma of passive obedience and non-resistance to tyranny he heaps unmeasured scorn; and the notion of King Charles's martyrdom and sainthood in particular draws down a thunder and sharpness of irony, which it might almost be thought would shame and cleanse away the sins it rebuked, and prove itself the very purgatory for transgressors which the old church so authoritatively proclaimed, and moved its mightiest poet awfully to build, neighboring to the amphitheatric descending circles of hell, in the vast and gloomy architecture of his verse.

Mayhew thinks it a hard case to have "a saintship without sanctity," and that "a church must be but poorly stocked with saints and martyrs which is forced to adopt such enormous sinners into her calendar in order to swell the numbers;" though he admits "it may be said that such things are

mysteries, which lay-understandings cannot comprehend, nor indeed any others, except they have taken a trip across the Atlantic to obtain Episcopal ordination, and who are inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost;" ridiculing thus not the reality, but the exclusive and canting pretence, of proud men to that inward and blessed motion. He complains that there had been an "impious bargain struck up, between the sceptre and the surplice, for enslaving both the bodies and souls of men;" that "not Christ, but Charles, was generally preached to the people;" and that he was "called a saint, not because he was a good man, but a good Churchman; not because he was a lover of holiness, but of the hierarchy; not because he was a friend to Christ, but to the craft. And he was a martyr in his death, not because he suffered death in the cause of truth and righteousness, but because he was an enemy to liberty and the rights of conscience; not because he was an enemy to sin, but to the Dissenters."

Such words justify certainly all that may be said of his power of expression; and it is not strange that very decided sentiments of hostility as well as friendship should be excited against a man who could utter himself thus. But he had warm sympathizers and encomiasts on both sides of the sea; and

George Benson writes to him, from London, that "the name of Dr. Mayhew may be precious in New England when he is in his grave, and the names of his bigoted opposers are buried in oblivion." Surely there would be no query about the inspiration and authority of any prediction that should be as well fulfilled as that. Of his political, Mayhew might well have said as he did of certain religious, practical discourses which he had put forth, that, "if there are any dangerous errors in them, they are not disguised by any kind of artifice; do not just peep through the mask of studied, equivocal, and ambiguous phrases; nor skulk in the dark, as it were, from a consciousness of what they are, and a fear of being detected." Surely, if the virtue of frankness ever clothed a man, it was the transparent garb of his mind and manner; and he was no less courageous than he was frank. If I may name what will appear perhaps as significant to some as it may look trifling to others, the peculiarly clear and large characters in which he writes his name seem to express his undisguised nature, and to challenge attention to every word that falls from his pen, as if he feared not the whole world's scrutiny of whatever he indited or subscribed. He says, "There is a difference between a man's being scolded at and

refuted." And "I must now declare, once for all, that I will not be even religiously scolded, nor pitied, nor whipped out of any principles or doctrines which I believe on the authority of Scripture, in the exercise of that small share of reason which God has given me; nor will I postpone this authority to that of all the good fathers of the church, even with that of the good mothers added to it." Probably a stroke of satire more trenchant through all possible wards and shields was never delivered than that where, describing the various methods of the antagonists of his friends to refute their arguments, he says, that, finding other means unsuccessful, they had discovered one way which would be quite efficient; namely, to throw stones, and knock out the brains of the reasoners. He shows his wonted fearlessness in searching even into the recognized canon of the books of Scripture; and says he knows not why the Song of Solomon should be included among the sacred books, and the Wisdom of Solomon left out, but that men love songs better than wisdom.

But I must not consume in details the space that should be devoted to larger characterization. The Discourse of Mayhew on the repeal of the Stamp Act, which was one of the last, as that on the anniversary of King Charles's death was one of the

first, grand demonstrations of his power, to the magnificent beginning formed truly a sublime and well-proportioned close. To a great work of art, unity, as we know, is essential. But is not a human life the greatest work of art we can conceive? Surely, to the greatness of a man, unity of principle and action running through his whole life is an indispensable requisite. Many have had bursts of enthusiasm on one point or another, which they did not sustain and carry out. Many have made splendid speeches and orations; but their speeches and orations stood not, if I may say so, in orderly and consistent array, in one line of battle against the errors and sins of the world; and, therefore, with their shifting brilliancy accomplished nothing, and were at best only as the harmless evolutions and impotent glitter of a sham-fight. Some men live for amusement, and some in sober earnest; and, to change my figure, they illustrate the difference between a kaleidoscope and a cannon. We know well how it was with Mayhew. His last grand utterance was the peroration of one uniform life-long discourse, that broke forth as in successive sentences and on many occasions, but ran like a single effort through his whole public career. It was like the last note in a great burst of martial music, whose continuation

was but the perfect sustaining of its pregnant and ominous prelude; for this man's speech, true to the image I have here chanced upon, however loud, terrible, and arousing, still was music. It was no harsh, jangling discord, as of one who can only rave and scold and rend the ears that listen, betokening a sour, angry, and contradictory nature as its source. True, it was not at any time very soft, gentle, and Arcadian music. It was no pastoral pipe, that he blew merely to call the listless and idle sheep together, but a piercing trumpet, with reverberating alarum through the wilds of the pasture to scare off the wolves, and send terror into the hearts of those that would devour the flock.

Yet, in this last discourse, with the re-assertion of the principles for which he had contended and would have been willing to die, there is, especially in the Introduction, an overflowing joy, so simple and pure that the man's heart of oak seems to be but a child's heart of flesh after all. His expressions are such that one doubts a little if he knew well whether to write upon the occasion, or, like jubilant King David when the ark of the Lord had been brought to Zion, to dance before the Lord with all his might. He, however, had set his face as flint against all the riotous proceedings of unsanctified

men, even in opposition to the hated Act which was now to his delight rescinded; nor was Luther himself more hostile to any Anabaptist excesses of fury, than he always was to deeds of lawless and passionate violence. Wonderful composure and dignity, as well as animation and impetuosity, this man knows very well how to have. A conscious nobility of nature unites with the dignity of an unflinching devotion to freedom, to raise him to a level with the greatest spirits. He addresses William Pitt, the friend and promoter of American liberties, in a strain of penetrating sentiment and simple grandeur, which makes Mayhew look back there upon the platform that included England and America, with the rolling sea between, like the fitting mate of the great orator and statesman himself, as though he indeed walked in company with him, in equal height of stature and with unlowered head, down that vista of time towards future ages of fame. Even the pagan doubters of human immortality thought, that, while the mass of men perished, great souls might survive the tomb. What greetings and courtesies, magnificent beyond our poor imagination, far from this shadowy land, these great souls must give each other as they meet! and what, following upon their former earthly intercourse, must be the grandeur of the celestial fellowship and deep counsels they hold!

In the great lists of the time, either in sympathy or repugnance, it seemed to be Mayhew's lot to measure himself with superior men, and to be sometimes opposed to potentates with a soul more kingly than their own. A strife, that arose between him and Governor Bernard, brought out, perhaps as vividly as did any situation of his life, his peculiar personal traits. Mayhew had mentioned to one or two of his most confidential associates and parishioners a story, told by an Indian who had come to present a petition to the governor, offering therewith some money, which, as the Indian said, the governor freely accepted and put into his pocket; an act which, if it indeed took place, was unusual and very discreditable. Bernard, both on account of his royalist principles and his ecclesiastical prejudices, was already in a position of vehement antagonism to Mayhew, who had distinguished himself for his formidable criticisms upon all arbitrary authority in church or state. Mayhew's purely private remark, which was nothing but a simple, blameless relation of the Indian's story, through the careless and unretentive trust of some one who heard it, unfortunately got abroad. It needed only this perfectly innocent drop from Mayhew's mind to make the gubernatorial wrath, which had already swollen like

dammed-up channels among the hills, overflow. The ruler summons the preacher, — as the German monk, that Mayhew much resembles, was summoned, — with the hottest irritation brands him as a libeller in being the repeater of a lie, and threatens him with prosecution for defamatory words. Mayhew takes the rudeness with a patience as noble as any heroism in his active conduct; but, after some time had elapsed, addresses to his excellency a letter, which, telling Bernard that not a line of it had been communicated to any other person, he consigns to the pleasure of his disposal. No wonder, to any one who now reads it, that the governor never saw fit to answer, to publish, or probably even to show it to his intimate friends, and that the world should be indebted for its preservation to a blotted and interlined copy found among Mayhew's own papers! Bernard must have been inclined to hurry it out of existence as soon as possible; for he was not told, as persons receiving a communication sometimes are, to burn it, but to use it as he listed; which he no doubt did. The best use *he* could make of it was, no doubt, to let it sleep; for, among all epistolary productions, replies or rejoinders, ancient or modern, which it has been my fortune to read, I have never met with one more conclusive, or leaving less curi-

osity as to what could be said or sent back on the other side. I have been told, that, when the celebrated Albert Gallatin was asked why he would not answer a speech made by John Marshall, he replied, "Because it is unanswerable." So I think was Mayhew's letter. The plainest candor and the subtlest irony; the most unaffected courtesy and terrific severity; a humility that claims nothing, and a piety that soars above all princedoms; a perfect obeisance to just law, with an absolute renunciation of tyrannical sway; a soul of rock no menace could subdue, with a heart flowing, like the rock, into exhaustless streams of gentleness,—all mingle in its lines; to every one of which, as we go on, we respond, Well done!—and which altogether prove the author to be truly, for marvellous combination of qualities, himself a king and governor among men.

But perhaps the most remarkable specimens of his genius for discussion are to be found in his "Observations on the Character and Conduct of the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts." The funds of this society, which were created for the purpose of converting the heathen to Christianity, had been used for the unnecessary introduction of Episcopal societies where the privileges of the gospel were already enjoyed, with a

design, as Mayhew believed, of subjecting the entire population, if possible, to the authority of the church, as well as of the sceptre, of England. He stoutly resists the approach of the engine with which, as he grandly expressed it, it was intended to "shake this part of the earth." Whoever admires sharpness of wit and cogency of logic will enjoy a perusal of his several tracts, in which he manages his case with consummate skill against the best adversaries that could be aroused upon the contrary side; having, among others, no less a personage than the Primate of England, as "a foeman worthy of his steel."

In the course of the controversy, being by Secker, the Archbishop of Canterbury, whom this anonymous writer that replied to him is understood to have been, reproached as "a poor man," he replies thus: "I am indeed 'a poor man,' as this gentleman calls me; but, through the goodness of God and the generosity of his people, I have a comfortable subsistence and contentment; which, if attended with integrity and godliness, is all the gain my soul aspires after in this world. In this respect I have been publicly upbraided, — in another sense, as I suppose. Nor has the irreproachable memory of my father escaped insult from some of my opponents. But I had rather be the poor son of a *good*

man, who spent a long life in the laborious and apostolic employment of preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ to poor Indians, than the rich son and heir of one who, by temporizing in religion and tampering with politics, by flattering the great and prostituting his conscience, has made his way to a bishopric and the worldly dignity of a peer." One, who could withstand assault and repel insult in this way, was not likely to be frequently by the same person attacked. When, in the humbler sphere of the animal kingdom, the safety of the callow brood is disturbed, any one, who observes nature at all, will have noticed what fiery indignation and what soft protection become as one and the same thing in the parental attitude and heart! So Mayhew lifts his voice and spreads the feathers of his wings at the same time to repel assaults, and cover the young and tender growth, in this transatlantic province, of spiritual freedom. The pitying and pathetic guardianship is equally notable with the indignant and effectual repulse. Inquiring once of an ear-witness respecting the speech of a great orator, I was told it had about it no display of rhetoric or gesture, but moved towards his opponent in the case as with the calm, assured, inevitable destruction of fate. Such annihilation is in the

course of Mayhew's argument. I cannot refrain from quoting the close of one passage of sublime eloquence: —

"Will they never let us rest in peace, except where all the weary are at rest? Is it not enough that they persecuted us out of the Old World? Will they pursue us into the New to convert us here, compassing sea and land to make us proselytes, while they neglect the heathen and heathenish plantations? What other New World remains as a sanctuary for us from their oppressions, in case of need? Where is the Columbus to explore one for and pilot us to it, before we are consumed by the flames or deluged in a flood of episcopacy? For my own part, I can hardly ever think of our being pursued thus from Britain into the wilds of America, and from world to world, without calling to mind, though without applying, that passage in the Revelation of St. John: 'And to the woman were given two wings of a great eagle, that she might fly into the wilderness, into her place, where she is nourished, from the face of the serpent. And the serpent cast out of his mouth water as a flood after the woman, that he might cause her to be carried away of the flood.'" Need one hesitate to compare such periods with Milton's own?

Such is the tremendous swing of the weapons he uses. Yet this man did not love strife, and says he would gladly have been excused from such encounters. It is beautiful to notice the fine contention of opposite qualities in his mind, — tenderness struggling with strength, courtesy with plain-speaking, openness with ironical humor, and quick perceptions with sudden impulses that almost overmaster and bear him away ; so that once he says, of an outbreak of ardor in the pulpit, that he knows not how to account for this "odd excursion." Evidently he had no mere will of his own in the matter that moved him. The cause, the exigency, was omnipotent in his mind. This is a chief characteristic of all truly great men, that not caprice or ingenuity seems to determine them, but a divine call, a heavenly decree, — the divine call, the heavenly decree, that always makes the great man. As the word of the Lord comes to some Jeremiah or Micah, a burden they must roll off upon the world, and as necessity is laid upon the great apostle to preach, so is it with all God's servants.

Dr. Mayhew has sometimes been blamed, in his latter days he was somewhat disposed to blame himself, for the extremely satirical language he occasionally employed, the most conspicuous example of

which is probably found in his letter to the Mr. Cleveland whom I have already named. If the question be, whether there can ever be Christian occasion for the use of indignation and scorn, it may be soon settled; for these sentiments are undoubtedly in the Bible ascribed to God, and sometimes exercised by our merciful Lord Jesus Christ. Such noble men as Milton and Luther also certainly felt they had sometimes righteous occasion to call them into play in the most free and unsparing manner. Indeed, whose scorn and indignation should equal those of a holy man against all the meanness and iniquity in the world? The only real question is, whether they are applied in fit season and measure, and in proper subserviency to the purposes of a moral equity and a truly Christian love, for those who are made the objects of them.

I have no anxiety to prove Mayhew a paragon of infallible judgment or spotless virtue. He has merit enough to bear much exception or detraction. He, alone of all men, did not come to be "that faultless monster which the world ne'er saw;" though, when I consider the extent of his provocation, and the urgency of his cause, if there be aught in his temper or expression to be regretted, I am not convinced of any especial or extraordinary error in the particular direction named.

Feeling, however, myself some concern upon this point, I inquired, of a learned and candid and very reverend man, his judgment upon Mayhew's severity of speech. He answered, that he had no fault to find with him on that score; and that it might often be very well seen, when a sharp thing was said, it was in reply to a sharper one said before, that could not well be met and disposed of with very soft and tame language. Something fiery seems always to go along with, and in part to constitute, great controversial power, as the red-hot furnace, the source of strength, lies beneath the locomotive engine; and certainly, when the question discussed passed from other hands into those of Mayhew, it was as when the tired and panting horses upon the railway resign the train to the more potent and fierce yet well-tempered draught of the iron steed.

It ought not, in any summary, however brief, of Mayhew's career, to be forgotten that he was an advocate not only of political and religious freedom, but also of sound learning, and manifested a warm friendship, that brought forth, as I have already intimated, most substantial fruits for what was then the very seat and only hope of literature, — Harvard College. The benefactions it received from Hollis flowed in the channel of that benevolent man's pe-

culiar love for Mayhew, who rejoiced to turn the current of favor, not to his private satisfaction alone, but in all ways towards the cherished institution. He was its great defender also against the attempt to set up against it a rival seminary; and his fame should always be held dear within the precincts he did so much to preserve, enrich, and adorn.

It is hardly necessary to say with what ardor he inveighed against the Popish idolatry, which was the subject of his Dudleian Lecture in 1765: for superstition in every form was his peculiar hatred; and he seemed born to extinguish or drive it out everywhere from his sphere.

Always he goes for reality, and abhors all deceit. He hates what he calls "face-religion." He would have nought to do with the austerity that created artificial vices, for reputed saints to have a holy horror about; and so diminished the baseness of real sins of fraud and hypocrisy. He would not let fraud and hypocrisy hide their huge and aggravated baseness behind conventional sins. It is matter even of amazement to see how superior he was to all ecclesiastical prepossessions, and how accurately he drew the line between the asceticism of the rigid party in religion and the excessive self-indulgence of the worldlings. Preaching upon

"Sinful Diversions or Recreations," he yet courageously, against the understood notions of church-holiness, maintains the propriety, among other amusements, of dancing, under proper attendant circumstances, and within due limits of decorum; and he himself indulged in the sports of the field, living at a time when they might present a stronger and closer allurement than now, when weapons were more familiar to such hands as his than they are at present, and when such pursuits agreed well with the general call to do whatever might contribute to the reign of order, civilization, and plenty, in a region still a desert, rather than the cultivated garden we know it to be.

Were I called upon to decide, in general, what was the marked and most singular gift in Mayhew's mind, I should say it was that for the pure processes of the practical reason, appearing clearly as they did to him in his thought, and expressed mightily with his pen. Accordingly, earnest as his nature was, he was yet more of a writer than of an orator or speaker. He himself says, "Though I am sensible that writing is what I have a poor talent for, yet even that is of the two, perhaps, rather better than my talent at speaking; in which latter I often find it difficult for me to express my meaning, even on

common occasions, on things familiar to me." It is said that, in fact, "he often appeared at a loss for words, and hesitated much in conversation." But I think this statement need not surprise us; for I suspect it might be found that some of the greatest men have not been distinguished for fluency of tongue, or the smoothest and most agreeable delivery, in speech, of their meditations. Superficial things, that are on everybody's lips and within reach of everybody's immediate understanding, are, more often than the deep things of God or of the human heart, the staple and substance of free and pleasing, and everywhere current, though cheap, oratory. Much and profound thinking seems to crowd the passages of the mind, so as to get for itself but a poor and troubled exit from them into the world; as, to use Dean's Swift's figure, a very full church empties itself confusedly. The absorbing contemplation of spiritual things, moreover, makes one abstract and absent-minded; so that the voice that should reach others may die away, distinctly audible, perhaps, only in the speaker's own ear. The style of the Apostle Paul, clogged with abundance and parenthetical interruption, at least plainly indicates how worldly and shallow hearers might consider, as they did, his "speech contempt-

ible." Surely he was no elocutionist, and would hardly attain to the glory of being a popular preacher at the present day. Socrates — the admired, dreaded, interrogative Socrates, chief moral inquisitor of all time — among the ancients, and Burke among the moderns, are instances to show that deep reflection and sharp discrimination are not favorable to the most entrancing eloquence at the moment, though the periods whose weight these qualities forge may resound in the ears of a distant posterity.

Mayhew certainly often interested his audience greatly at the instant, but perhaps not in full proportion to the reach of his meaning. There is an eloquence of the moment merely, and there is an eloquence of the years. One, who had listened to a distinguished preacher, likened his sentences to successive crashes of electricity in the sky. That with Mayhew there were such outbursts, we are well advised; and the soul can seem still to hear the discharges out of our great preacher's silent and time-stained page. The nature of Mayhew's sentiments, however inartificial the voice in which they were uttered, woke indeed a thousand echoes all round the horizon: but there was a more than Attic salt in his persuasions, and a solidity in his ideas, which

have kept them unworn and incorruptible; and scarcely any writings contemporary with his own, for their spirit and meaning, are more worthy of being read at the present day.

The two great sentiments that burned in Mayhew's breast were patriotism and religious devotion. The circumstances in which he lived, as you well know, especially signalized his love for his country; but, great as that indeed was, still greater, I must say, in conclusion, was his reverence for the eternal statutes, and his love of God. Never, certainly, was any similar paper graced with a sentiment of more holy felicity than that in his Dedication, to the Young Men of his Parish, of his Sermons on Christian Sobriety: "If any of you, after hearing and requesting the publication of these Discourses, should conduct yourselves unsoberly, unrighteously, and ungodly in the world, these very sermons, and your own written, signed request, will be as swift witnesses against you. You will be judged out of your own mouths, like wicked servants, and condemned, as it were, under your own hands and seals."

Noble, free, loving, dear, and devout soul! may thy words, by young or old of this generation, be not less heeded than in thy own! — for, in thy

appointed time, thou didst speak for all times to come. Truly living in thy brief career, when Death approached to lay on thee his all-withering hand, only thy flesh dissolved at his bidding; and only thy mortal shadow, before his unreal, phantom-power, passed away. The brightness of thy glory, a beam from heaven, remains with us, as stars shine to earth while they make lustrous the heavens; and thy name, here as on high, liveth evermore.

NOTE TO PAGE 83.

The following extracts, from a private letter, I thankfully avail myself of the writer's kind permission to publish: —

"Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, March 14, 1856.

"In reply to your request for genealogical facts, I take pleasure to give what follows, of which make any use you please: —

Thomas Mayhew	died 1682, æ. 90.
Rev. Thomas Mayhew, jun.	1657, æ. 37.
Rev. John Mayhew	1689, æ. 37.
Rev. Experience Mayhew	1758, æ. 85.
Rev. Jonathan Mayhew	1766, æ. 46.

Dr. Mayhew was, therefore, the great-grandson of Apostle Mayhew.

"Since the call I made you, and which has pleasant recollections for me, from the kindness and urbanity with which I was received, I have collected many additional facts of interest to me as a Vineyarder; among others, that it is correctly claimed for Mayhew that he preceded Eliot in his Indian labors. By the most reliable authorities, I find that the latter commenced his labors in 1646; but we know, from a letter of Mayhew, that he (Thomas Mayhew) began his first attempts with the Indians, in imparting religious instruction, in 1643. Some writers, willing to claim every thing for Eliot, say that he commenced about the same time to labor among the Indians.

"As to that cairn of stones you allude to. Lying by the side of the highway, some five miles from Edgartown, westerly, is a heap of many small stones, — say of the size of a child's head, larger and smaller, — which, tradition says, was placed to mark the spot

where Thomas Mayhew, the apostle to the Indians on Martha's Vineyard, preached his last discourse to the Indians, and took his leave of them, to see them, as it proved, no more.

"It was a tearful parting; for they were strongly attached to their teacher, and, years afterwards, rarely mentioned his name without strong emotions of love and respect. They had accompanied him, for nearly twenty miles, from Gay Head; and sorrowfully returned, after the parting was over, to their own homes. Mr. Mayhew was then bound to England; but the vessel was never heard from after leaving port. Thus perished at an early age, in the midst of his useful labors, this devoted missionary, whose praise has long been in the churches. The Indians for a long time, as they passed the spot spoken of, would add a stone to the pile that marked the spot where last they heard the sound of their teacher's voice.

"Respectfully yours,

"RICHARD L. PEASE."

NOTE TO PAGE 98.

To one point, I feel it my duty to quote from a letter of the daughter of Dr. Mayhew, Mrs. Wainwright: —

"Respecting my father, there is no doubt that the clearest evidence may be given of his having asserted the unity of God, in the most unequivocal and plain manner, as early as the year 1753. I have many sermons, from which it appears to me no one could for a moment question his belief. I have a set from the text, 'Prince of Peace.' In the first head, he inquires how Christ came by this title. He speaks of independent and derived authority, and says, 'The former belongs to God alone, who exists necessarily and independently. The Son of God, and all beings who derive their existence from another, can have only a derived authority.'

After speaking of various sources and kinds of authority, he says, 'Lastly, another source of authority is the positive will and appointment of God Almighty, the supreme Lord and Governor of the world; and this is indisputably the source of all that authority our Saviour is clothed with: his designation to royal power, and exaltation to the throne, was from his God and Father.' I can quote many, very many, passages expressive of the same sentiment; so that I have not the shadow of a doubt that my father was full and explicit in his avowal of this opinion from 1753; and perhaps I may get positive proof from an earlier date. I will continue my search, and shall with pleasure supply you with any proof in my power of the faith he was happy enough to enjoy, and courageous enough to avow at the risk of his temporal comfort."

DISCOURSE ON DR. HOWARD.

DISCOURSE ON DR. HOWARD.

Luke ii. 29, 30: "LORD, NOW LETTEST THOU THY SERVANT DEPART IN PEACE, ACCORDING TO THY WORD; FOR MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THY SALVATION."

IT certainly is not with any conceit of synonymous expression or a verbal felicity, but because I know of no Scripture passage more appropriate for a text to the character and history of Simeon Howard, that I choose these words of the good prophet, living so many centuries ago, for whom he was named. The calm and peaceful man, succeeding the fiery, restless, ever-contending soul of Mayhew, seems like the quiet Solomon, after David, the mighty soldier, coming to do the careful and deliberate work of rearing the temple, which God would not trust to the hands of the striving and warlike king, who had yet broken and cleared the ground for its foundation. Mayhew, indeed, resembled more those builders among the Jews who had a tool in one hand, and a weapon in the other; and we sometimes question

whether he, priest of the Lord, when he opens his mouth, does it to blow the gospel-trumpet, or to give a call to battle. If he was the Paul of our ecclesiastic dispensation, Howard was the John, as his Master's beloved disciple, meek, gentle, and lowly; one whom we cannot imagine, so easily as we can his predecessor, as coloring quick with indignation, greatly stirred within himself, and rising impetuously, while he protected the injured, to drive back the foe; but as a mild, considerate, forbearing soul, steadfast and sincere, yet serenely maintaining his ground, and kindly expressing his convictions.

I must, however, confess that the decided impression which I have always had of Howard's purely soft and genial temperament is somewhat modified as I read some sentences in his sermons which express the most unyielding opposition to all tyranny, and maintain the civil and religious rights of men to the uttermost line of principle, and with an absolute tone of demand, which he would even call in the sword to defend from every unworthy concession, and which reminds us of his predecessor's own spirit. His meekness never degenerated into cowardice; his caution could not wear the livery of fear. Still, he himself would have had no appetite for the fray of words or of blows. As some are

said to be born poets, he was born a priest, — one of those in the Commonwealth to be preciously defended, rather than to "strive or cry, and let their voice be heard in the street," for others' defence; and this energy of his, to which I have referred, was that to which a naturally benignant and gracious disposition was by urgent occasion wrought up, like what Scripture calls "the wrath of the lamb." Ordinarily, none of those lightnings which at any time only slept in Mayhew's unfathomable mien, that could be so overcast and cloudy, played around him; but only bland and gracious sunshine fell from his countenance. He was no son of thunder, — though, at the beginning of his career, this name was given to John himself, — but of consolation.

Yet this man of inward sobriety and natural repose had a strangely checkered life, and a story in its incidents more romantic than Mayhew's own. He was indeed, in 1767, settled here in the ministry very peacefully, with favor far larger among the theologians than greeted Mayhew; for it brought together all the invited churches but one, "which was unavoidably prevented." His own catholic temper may have conciliated towards him the general good-will; for he too, at his settlement, was regarded by several of the clergy as heretical, being

reputed both an Arian and an Arminian, — a believer neither in the Trinity, nor in the divine predestination of total depravity, and necessary ruin to any human soul; though it is said that President Willard, not long before Howard's death, remarked, "He is now as orthodox as other ministers of his denomination," — implying a change, not in him, but in them.

But the conflict of speculative opinions, going on at the time of Howard's ordination, was soon disturbed and interrupted by the tokens of a louder tumult; for not many years after, our very children being familiar with the oft-repeated dates, came on the rough and bloody times of the great American Revolution. The whirlwind Mayhew foresaw, and did so much to raise, fell upon the town, and dispersed the people. The British troops, in armed occupation of the city, made of the West-Boston Church a barrack. It is a strange commentary on the spirit and immediate effects of war, that it should turn the walls of Zion into the towers of a castle and the ramparts of a fort; that places of worship should so often, at its outbreak, have been selected to resound with the clash of arms, or the indecency of soldiers' jests and oaths, as the enclosure on this spot once resounded, instead of the

tones of prayer and the praises of God. Thus shut out of the fold, the flock were scattered, and part of them, with their shepherd, took refuge in Nova Scotia; although the character of Howard, as a patriot and advocate of his country's independence, was so well known, that he was hardly suffered to depart. We are informed he had, when a candidate for the ministry, been invited to preach in that northerly region, and received a call to settle with them, which he declined. Afterwards, at a request of the society in Annapolis there, he had provided them with a minister, whose health had before very long obliged him to leave his post. In the distress and perplexity of the West-Boston Church, at the military invasion of their sanctuary and their homes, these circumstances suggested to their leader's mind the region, for which he had religiously cared, as a city of refuge. The idea was adopted. Pastor and people, save those necessarily kept behind, embarked. Wearisomely for a month they tossed upon the waves; it taking them three times as long to cross the Bay as it now takes, with the foaming and fiery-breathed leviathan of art we have constructed, —

"Hugest that swims the ocean-stream," —

to measure the whole breadth of the Atlantic Sea.

How picturesque to the retrospective imagination, how trying in reality, their situation! In this unmolested shelter of our growth, we can ill conceive a condition so sadly different of the Christian body which we in our day and generation form. A society upon the waters, like a floating Bethel of prayer; a temple at sea, driven of every shifting wind; a modern exodus from the oppressor, not over dry land, from which the billows had, at God's bidding, fled away for his servants' passage, but upon the billows themselves, made God's messengers to bear them to a haven of peace! What were their thoughts, in this at once forced alienation and voluntary exile, upon their voyage, or on the foreign coast to which they were borne? Not, I think, those of the Israelites, that they could not "sing the songs of the Lord in a strange land;" but rather the Psalmist's own sentiment was theirs: "Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage." Repeating, on a lesser scale indeed of outward circumstances, the very experience of their and our forefathers, they sought a place where they could worship God, without contradiction or fear, according to their own consciences. We are apt, for subjects of peculiar or entrancing interest, to look far away, as though distance and foreign adventure were

to them essential. When, for example, we read of the Missionary Judson, sick and worn out with long exposure on the heaving of Oriental gulfs, our hearts are moved, because our wonder and imagination are excited. But materials for the deepest concern and most sublime agitation of our nature are unawares at our very door, touching those to whom we are most familiarly or intimately related. A band of families driven from their dwellings, a church in motion, and, like the dove, finding no rest for the sole of its foot, can make, I think, the Bay of Fundy a scene as great and pure in the eyes of God or man as ever was the Indian Ocean or the Red Sea.

They arrived at their destination, to be saluted from the shore with cries of beggary for bread, — a destitution of which had arisen from the closing of the Provinces, — yet, as they landed, to be very kindly and comfortably entertained. But Mr. Howard, on the ground of the first refusal to allow him to leave Boston, and before the news of a subsequent permission had reached the Governor of Halifax, — it being feared, from an intimation in Gen. Gage's letter, that he might privately escape, and so political consequences ensue unfavorable to the crown, — was arrested, and taken to Halifax. Upon a second letter of explanation from the general, he

was at once set at liberty. Before this, however, an offer had been made for his rescue, and passage to Machias; but it was declined for him by his noble-minded wife, who was doubtless sympathetically aware what would be her husband's feeling in regard to any such covert and illegal transaction, — who knew his consciousness of innocence, and was as unwilling as he himself could be that any one should be exposed to danger on his account. The people of the territory itself, where he was, appeared to him to be in the most inflammable condition; but, as he saw no prospect of their affairs being mended by any rebellious proceedings, the unrevengeful man labored not to excite, but to comfort them in their troubles, and to act the part, most congenial indeed with his temper, of a religious teacher and adviser. They became, for his work of godly simplicity and love, greatly attached to him; and, although it was but for fifteen months that he discharged among them the pastoral office, they parted from him with a grief which was the unambiguous measure of their cordial affection.

An anecdote, told of something occurring during his residence among them, shows the mingled sincerity and suavity of the man. Seeing one day some young men putting into the bundles of hay,

which they were screwing for the troops in Boston, stones to increase the weight, he, not believing it was right to defraud even the enemies of his country by such dishonesty in their supplies, — though this would have been according to the laws of war as practised in all ages, — so benignantly remonstrated with the young men as to dissuade them from the act; and it is thought he thus banished for ever after the iniquitous custom from that whole neighborhood.

Returning, as opportunity allowed, to the New-England capital, he found his society so enfeebled by death, emigration, and other causes of waste, that it was doubtful whether even the remnant could be preserved; and those indeed who still survived, and adhered to the church, expressed to him their judgment that it was best to surrender their post, and dissolve. Had he agreed with them, and this course in the crisis been taken, what a change in those destinies of that worshipping body, which finally in their long reach have so involved us; which, under Howard's earnest and faithful ministry, transformed weakness, ready to die, into a strength that never declined again; which by the will of God hold and bring together, for all the purposes of religious fellowship and Christian pro-

cedure, this large and flourishing assembly; and which, we trust, will continue its strong existence a blessing to the community for thousands of years after we are in our graves, — even to the "last syllable of recorded time"!

But however we may speculate upon the diverse consequences of opposite decisions, and see the world itself hanging as upon threads, or rather, as it does, upon the invisible and airy thoughts of the mind, it was not Howard's sentiment or will that the society so dear to him, reduced and desolated as it was, should be broken up. The matter of decision lay in his own hands; for one principal reason, that was working in their thoughts to this conclusion of ecclesiastical decease, was the inability of the people, so impoverished as they were, to support their minister. To this he responded, that "he would receive whatever compensation they would give him, and would continue with them while three families remained." He told them he would accept such contribution, as might from time to time be made, in full remuneration for his services; utterly relinquishing the claim of any agreement the Society might have made to pay him more. Afterwards he proposed to cancel outright a considerable sum due him: but to this they would not consent; and sub-

sequently, in more prosperous times, all was paid, with compound interest.

I well remember the enthusiasm with which an honored parishioner, now deceased, referred to this magnanimity of Howard. Thus was the church here saved, as every thing great and good in this world is and must be saved, by personal disinterestedness and self-sacrifice. Had the minister wished to receive, as men often do, more than belonged to him; had he even insisted upon having, as men often stoutly declare they must have, what seemed to be his honest due, — the Society would have been destroyed. But he was, on the contrary, determinately bent on receiving less, or receiving nothing, if, like the debtor in Scripture, they had nothing to pay; and himself continuing to bestow the full labor of his body and soul, though but a handful of them should stay. Surely there was some masterly strength of will and authentic quality of goodness in the soul that could plant itself thus. But the triumphs always of moral principle, of Christian goodness, exceed all the achievements of vainglory and selfish aims.

The recuperated Society proved indeed that it would not be outdone in generosity. On either hand, a more admirable explanation than any com-

mentator ever gave was had in real life of the Scripture texts: "Owe no man any thing, but to love one another;" and, "Let us consider one another to provoke unto love and good works." Finally, Mr. Howard received one of the largest salaries from one of the most thriving societies in town. This result of success, rather than of pecuniary compensation, for which he had shown that he cared nothing, was indeed a fitting reward for so much patience, fortitude, and disinterested devotion, as he had displayed under circumstances of trial, in which no man could have combined more that wisdom, which in the Apocrypha is called "a loving spirit," with the achievements of courage. A good captain he was here of the Lord's elect. In a truly seaworthy manner he breasted the changeful gales, and steered straight through the stormy political weather, and brought his good ship's company with him safe into harbor.

For a number of years, it was indeed a mournful state of things for all the churches, and for religion itself, in the colony that was, with such pains of growth, transmuting itself into a nation. But the Pilgrims, that had found their way over the sea to Plymouth Rock, were not doomed utterly to perish or to lose themselves in the wilderness

of the material and moral world to which that boundary-rock, though their wished-for bourn of safety, was, moreover, but their rough and dark entrance. From every blast that blew upon them, like the little vessel in which they had been brought, they rose to pursue their course with renewed courage. This Society, in its distresses, was but an example and illustration of the general lot. Its temporary sinking from before the blaze of strife that always puts out the fires of religion, but reminds one of travellers in the Arabian desert, who prostrate themselves under the hot simoom, and can only lie still and helpless till the scorching hurricane be overpast. So was it with the travellers towards a better country that once on this very spot went up to the house of God in company. They bowed for the season that it was given to the Satan of persecution and arbitrary power to rule and rage, and then lifted their heads undismayed, and went bravely forward. "Among arms, laws are silent," was a motto in the Roman state. Our forefathers found that among arms the voice even of prayer, the higher law of Heaven, — for such a law, above all human conventions and statutes, there is, — could not be well publicly heard. But, thank God! — that hey might not falter in the hour of tribulation, —

it had been heard before to nerve them for endurance and heroism; and it broke forth afterward in strains of eloquence and jubilant thanksgiving and good-cheer, all the more mightily for having been temporarily interrupted and cruelly choked; while in no pulpit was the inspiring and grateful note sounded out more cordially and clearly than in that erected on this very ground of our present worship.

No doubt Howard found the even tenor of pastoral duty, to which he was restored, much more suited to his constitutional temper than were the surprising events and exciting times through which he had passed. I need not describe that round of benedictions in a faithful minister's life, which, according to abundant and never-contradicted testimonies, none trod more steadfastly and happily than he, dispensing all the sacred ordinances and consolations of our religion to whosoever would accept or craved them in their sore need; and — whatever in human life, from age to age, may be those changes we so much magnify — finding sick-beds, chambers of sorrow, and graveyards, to be essentially the same things as they are to us.

When we read of the occurrences, assemblages, speeches and celebrations, or of the lives and deaths, of men, in a long-past period of the world, we are apt

to have a marvelling notion of something more romantic, adventurous, or spiritual, than the common existence we lead, the perils we meet, or the jubilees we solemnize. Yet human nature is the same; and, for all mankind, it is essentially one career they pursue, and one concern they tremble with, in this mortal span.

Howard bore his trials patiently, and did his duty faithfully, as all good Christian men would desire to suffer and act. His preaching was sober, practical, addressed to the highest sentiments, and having always behind it, to give it power and penetrating pathos, a man, — even the man of God. He was in high repute among others, as well as with his ordinary hearers; and his services were sought on great and important occasions, — the word for all of which, in the varying demand made for versatile talent, he spoke with such satisfaction, that what had been uttered with the lips was again and again earnestly solicited for the press. I have read these published discourses, with an opinion of his ability rising with every performance I have successively perused, till I was obliged to accord to him a far higher rank for talents and resources, in the treatment even of profound themes, than his great modesty and moderation would be willing to own, or

beforehand seem to suggest. All quiet men, that, in this eager, scrambling world, do not assert themselves, are, in the general esteem, apt to have injustice done to their faculties, as compared with the loud-voiced and forth-putting children of confidence and self-love, who take for themselves a high seat in the synagogue, walk boldly, pressing or pushing doors open into the centre of our hearts, and keep their place against all comers if they can. I must, with some shame, confess that the retiring character of Howard had, by a sort of hereditary transmission, if I may not improperly call it so, of his unpretending temper to the cognizance of my own mind, induced in me an undervaluation of his intellectual merits, which actual study of his works has tended greatly to raise and correct. Yet, mild and lowly as he was, he never shrank back from any call upon him to take a bold and manly stand. He was one of the warmest aspirants for the independence of his country; and his sentiments were freely, almost audaciously, expressed. The feelings of his forerunner certainly did not stop for want of a channel in his soul to flow by; but there was an apostolic succession to him of the love of liberty, in church and state. With the pulpit of Mayhew, he had, I may be allowed to say, also an inheritance of price-

less worth in Mayhew's surviving partner, a woman of whose worth, as a lofty and heroic counsellor, an indication has already been cited, and in whom, I may be permitted to say, outward attractiveness and inward noble-mindedness were so joined as to be, what in rare instances of personal and spiritual beauty we may notice they sometimes are, almost one and the same thing. His funeral discourse after her decease shows how precious he esteemed the treasure that had thus descended, and was with the keenest sorrow in his bleeding heart transported before him into the skies. But the work in which he had enjoyed Heaven's choice blessing indeed, of a partner having inclinations so accordant with his own, did not for her departure slacken in his hands. Rather, as he tells his people, he hoped to be "more serviceable to them in the work of the ministry; particularly better qualified to sympathize with and to comfort them that are in sorrow; which I should esteem as one valuable effect of my affliction." Certainly there could not well be a less fallacious evidence of sincere consecration to his ordained work, than his disposition to make such use of a grief, that rent away his prop and hope in the prime of his own life, and pierced with its anguish and desolation to the very foundations of his soul.

There is reason to believe he was a shepherd that always abundantly fed the flock. That his services could have been of no low or ordinary tone, I have indeed one proof to bring of the most unsuspicious character. In a conversation, which it was my privilege to have, with the venerable John Quincy Adams, not many months before his death, he told me, with evident delight of recollection, and his strong face of severe integrity mantling with smiles, in such a countenance of peculiar fascination, how much pleased and edified in the former years he had been in listening to the discourses of Howard. Great men are not easily instructed: a superior mind is the most terrible of earthly tribunals a speaker can face; for no mere show of rhetorical gifts, or arts of speech, can deceive his judgment. Whatever really reached the seat of influence in such a nature as that of Adams, must have had the two qualities at least of genuineness and strength; and I prized his tribute, as that of a discerning and sincere witness for one whom God had made an ingenuous and able minister of that New Testament, which to the humble pastor and to the great civilian, that so well presided over the affairs of this people, was equally dear.

From a careful reading, I am struck at once with

the resemblance between Mayhew and Howard in their general views both in politics and religion, and with the fact that they belonged to different types both of intellect and temperament. Mayhew was a man of impassioned genius; Howard, of sober understanding. Mayhew, no doubt, would sometimes hurry, when Howard would hold, undisturbed, his way, whatever wind might blow. Howard's influence was like a steady domestic warmth, diffusing itself equally at all points through the house: Mayhew's was the white heat of the furnace, in which massive bars of iron are thrust to be prepared for the anvil's forge, and from which keen sparkles may dart, burning and blinding, into the face of one who draws nigh. Admiration exalted into amazement, and honor running into pride, may have been sentiments that could not help mingling with the ardent attachment felt by the church for Mayhew: love and veneration kept Howard calmly folded for ever in the arms of their cordial and constant embrace. It is sometimes said, with truth, of men who have lifted themselves to distinction far above their fellows, that, with multitudes of followers, they have no personal friends. This could be said of neither Howard nor his predecessor. But while the part that Mayhew took, and the flaming zeal with which

he espoused and vindicated it, raised up adversaries not a few to hate and oppose him, as well as earnest advocates in his defence; it could scarcely, I think, be in the heart of any one, who knew Howard, to be other than his friend; and the "eminently wise and good" was the universally beloved man, as well as the endeared shepherd of the flock.

Dr. Willard, President of Harvard College, one of whose sons it is our happiness to number among the members of this church, while in his funeral sermon he celebrates the fine scholarship which Howard had displayed, as a youth, in his own collegiate course, discourses fondly of his fidelity for a long term as an overseer and fellow of the corporation, — thus, as one of its governors, repaying the benefits he had received as a pupil; commends his singular devotedness to the duties of his parochial charge; and extols the patriotism with which he bore his country, as well as his flock and family, ever in his heart. He also dwells upon the warm and precious friendship whose deep and holy joy Howard imparted and received, and a peculiar and most intimate bond of which seems to have united him and Dr. Willard himself together, — a sentiment undying on earth, immortal in heaven. On one occasion, in 1798, President Willard being ex-

tremely ill, Dr. Howard, as senior clergyman in the corporation, presided in his place at the public exercises of commencement, and announced the degrees; thus happily uniting a friendly service with an official duty.

Dr. Howard died, in 1804, in the seventy-second year of his age; and "devout men carried" him "to his burial, and made great lamentation over him." The record of the day informs us that every token of Christian sorrow, reverence, and love, from his parishioners and acquaintances who gathered in the church, was witnessed over his remains, and rendered to his memory. A portrait now in my possession, a gift to his son's family from an old friend and parishioner, who has long since followed his cherished minister to the heavenly world, — though, in extreme old age, he sat for quite a number of years within the sound of my own voice, — expresses the meek, lowly, benign disposition of him whose actual countenance there are those still living to remember in the verity of its actual traits. A great and venerable servant of God and Christ once said, he was not anxious that his face, on the painter's canvas, should shine with a look of superior intellect or genius; but he did desire it should beam with a light of kindness and love upon his fellow-creatures. That which Channing wished,

and indeed had, was fulfilled before for Howard, who ended his earthly ministry just as Channing was beginning his. For benevolence, the moving spirit of the West-Boston pastor's life, could not fail to speak in any delineation at all like the original; and my eye has rested to-day, for the thousandth time, upon the resemblance of his features, only to observe once more, in the cold colors and dimmed lines, some shadowing forth of the charity which once in him walked and breathed, spoke and acted, among men, and which of all things moves and triumphs longest in this world, as it shall without ceasing in the world to come.

"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." So indeed might it have been said by one, in whom, when the peace of God came to his heart, it found an abode naturally framed, and well and largely fitted, for its residence, and yet who had reached only through outward storms of affliction and calamity that peace in his house and in the temple of worship which he must always have enjoyed in his own bosom. Truly he had seen the salvation of the Lord for himself, for the people of his charge, for the institution of worship in this place committed to his careful and laborious stew-

ardship in the line of spiritual workmen after the great Master and Head of the whole church; and we, coming up in the long succession as ministers or people, have but entered into the salvation he not only himself so richly tasted, but was so effectual, though humble, an instrument to secure.

I feel that, as a religious Society, we are united by a tie of peculiar and inestimable indebtedness to Dr. Howard. As we own a special obligation to the physician who has carried a friend safely through the crisis of a dangerous illness, so should we to him who was the instrument of our preservation in the only doubtful and perilous hour of our corporate existence. Nay, more: by all we enjoy or profit through the connection in which we are here held; by all the instruction or consolation we in our time have from these ordinances received; by all the light and preparation for heaven in which those dear to us participated before they passed on; by all the readiness of willing souls to follow after them which we may hope yet to acquire; and all the edification, for earthly duty or immortal glory, of which our children to the latest posterity may find here the means, — while we hold in grateful respect for his individual qualities our last-deceased pastor, we are bound to see in his providential agency one medium of our

fervent and continual thanksgivings above all mortal agencies to God.

The published writings of Dr. Howard are far less voluminous than those of Dr. Mayhew. In one of his sermons, on "not being ashamed of the gospel of Christ," in referring to the fact of his predecessor's subscribing to the truth of Christianity as among the evidences of the religion itself, he furnishes what may be a proof to you that I have not, in my earnest celebration on last Sunday, overrated the abilities of Mayhew himself.

Being called to preach on important occasions, Howard frequently sounds the note of warning or encouragement for the liberties of the country, and does not forget to show the connection of true liberty with sound learning; presenting the claim of the College to "the patronage and assistance of the State, in return for the able men with which she has furnished the public," — an argument whose validity, let me say, has only increased continually with the lapse of time. He chastises the love of his countrymen and countrywomen for "show and useless ornaments," as unbecoming the circumstances in which they were then placed. He insists on the importance of a fair example of piety and virtue in magistrates, saying, "The manners of a court are pe-

culiarly catching, and, like blood in the heart, quickly flow to the most distant members of the body;" and that "the spirit of infidelity, selfishness, luxury, and dissipation, is more formidable than all the arms of our enemies." On preaching an Artillery Sermon in 1773, he anticipates the time "when we must either submit to slavery, or defend our liberties by our own sword." Yet he hopes "the people will never, of choice, keep among them a standing army in times of peace: virtue, domestic peace, the insulted walls of our State House, and even the once crimsoned stones of the street, all loudly cry out against this measure." But the topics he evidently is most pleased to treat are those of brotherly love and charity; on which he dwelt so pathetically before the Society of Masons in his day, that his discourse was printed at their unanimous request.

Dr. Howard served his fellow-citizens and fellow-men in many ways. But, speaking in this place, what I feel called upon to single out and emphasize in your hearing, is that legacy of the spirit of concord and union which he left to this religious Society. Certainly the word that sounds from his mouth down through all the ages, to all the members of the West Church, is for them to keep together; to stand by one another; not to give up the vessel of

common safety, in which they sail the floods of time; not to be separated under any circumstances, or allow the bond, that as a strong cable binds them, to be broken in the darkest and most distressing hour. My friends, let me indulge what, I trust, is the not unworthy pride of saying, that into possession of the legacy he left, this Society has, in fact, entered. It was a substantial and most honorable bequest from him, not of words, but deeds. May we not only from our sires, to whom he ministered, receive it as we do, but hand it down, a blessed inheritance, to our sons and latest successors, identical as it is with that inalienable and infinitely precious property of peace the dying Jesus himself left to his disciples! Then our fellowship with Jesus will be perfect in the spiritual ties that keep together whomsoever they draw to him, and in that service of communion, the simple and expressively beautiful language of such ties, which we speak and celebrate this day.

APPENDIX

TO

DISCOURSE ON DR. HOWARD.

EXTRACTS FROM PRESIDENT WILLARD'S SERMON AT DR. HOWARD'S FUNERAL, FROM REV. II. 10: "BE THOU FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH, AND I WILL GIVE THEE A CROWN OF LIFE."

. . . I doubt not, my hearers, you have applied these observations to the excellent man whose funeral obsequies we are now attending; whose death excites general sorrow in this town and neighborhood; and which penetrates the hearts of the members of his flock, and more especially of his most intimate friends and nearest connections, with pungent grief. And to whom could the character we have described, more properly belong than to this servant of God, who was faithful in all his house? To no one, must they reply in their hearts who have intimately known his worth, and for a long course of years have witnessed his virtues.

Dr. Howard, after the previous preparatory studies, was, at mature age, admitted into Harvard College in the year 1754. Heaven had endowed him with a good understanding and inquisitive mind; and he had formed indus-

trious and methodical habits. With such talents and such habits, he could not fail to make solid and valuable acquisitions in literature and science. I find by authentic documents that he was a respondent at the commencement, when he received his degree of Master of Arts; and it is probable that he had the same appointment when he commenced Bachelor of Arts. After leaving the College, he was an instructor of youth for several years; in which time he studied divinity, and prepared himself for the desk. After preaching in several vacant parishes in this then Province, he had an invitation to preach in the Province of Nova Scotia. He went to that province; was there about a year; and received an invitation, from the people among whom he officiated, to settle with them in the work of the ministry; but, after mature consideration, he thought it proper to decline their invitation.

After returning to his native province, in the summer of the year 1765, he took a chamber at College, and became a resident graduate at the time when I received my first degree. As I continued at the College, I soon had the happiness of becoming acquainted with him, and of forming those habits of intimacy which have continued without interruption to the day of his death. At that period the resident graduates were numerous, and our intercourse with each other frequent; and I recollect with pleasure, that, in our social intercourse, the company of Mr. Howard always gave us the sincerest satisfaction. May I here be permitted to remark, that there are those whose abilities, acquirements, and real worth, attract our esteem and respect, but to whom we cannot feel an affectionate attachment? With regard to our feelings towards Howard, it was not so: while we respected his talents, and highly esteemed him, there was in him something so amiable,

benevolent, kind, and good, that it was impossible to be acquainted with him and not to love him.

About a year after Dr. Howard became a resident graduate, he and the present speaker were elected into the office of Tutor. This gave me a new opportunity of appreciating his worth. The duties of this office he discharged with great fidelity and acceptance. But he continued in that office but for the short term of nine months. West-Boston Church and Society being destitute of a pastor by the lamented death of the learned, distinguished, and excellent Dr. Mayhew, Mr. Howard, while a Tutor, was invited to preach to that Society. They soon discovered his talents and worth. Trained up not to be captivated with mere sound and tinsel ornaments, but to regard solid sense, and discourses abounding with sentiments useful and edifying, they judged him to be the man worthy to succeed their deceased pastor; and, by their invitation, he took the oversight of the flock, in May, 1767. Of this choice they have at no time had reason to repent; for he has never deceived their expectations. While they have loved him as a man and a friend, they have highly esteemed and valued him as a wise, judicious, and faithful minister. Indeed, this man of God did not undertake the sacred office with a superficial and indigested knowledge of divinity; but he was a well-studied and thorough divine; and this his discourses clearly evinced. His conscientious regard to duty, joined with his studious habits, would never suffer him to bring to his people crude and superficial discourses, and such as cost him nothing; but they were always methodical, clear, full of good matter, calculated to inform the understanding and better the heart. None could hear his discourses and not be edified, unless such as preferred doubtful disputations, and strifes about

words, to wholesome doctrines clearly to be understood, and those precepts of Christianity which none can misconstrue, and which inculcate a good life. While he preached repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, as the great foundation of the sinner's hope, he inculcated holiness of heart and life, without which no man can see the Lord; and exhorted all who have believed in God to be careful to maintain good works, and to be eminent for practical godliness.

Candor and charity were conspicuous traits in his character. While he was firm in the belief of that system which, after duly searching the Scriptures, he thought was contained therein, he was far from condemning those who could not in all points agree with him; and he embraced in his affections all good men. Though far from thinking that all religious opinions are equally favorable to Christianity, yet he was fully persuaded that unity of sentiment is not necessary to brotherly love and friendship; for, were it the case, the best men, in this state of imperfection, would often be alienated one from another.

In the discharge of parochial duties out of the desk, he was conscientious and faithful. To this his flock can witness, every one of whom he was ready to serve at all times to the utmost of his power. With the sick, the sorrowful, the afflicted, the distressed, he heartily sympathized, and was to all such a son of consolation. He was an example to his flock in following after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, and meekness; and in all his conversation and conduct he appeared to be an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile. We have reason to think that all those virtues which he exhibited were the fruits of a heart right with God, which had been sanctified by the influences of the Holy Spirit.

The University feels a deep wound in the death of this excellent man. For a long course of years has he been one of its Governors, as an Overseer, and as a Fellow of the Corporation; and with great fidelity has he attended to its interests, which ever lay near his heart. For almost twenty-three years have I been witness to his important services in both Boards, and have always found him ready to devote his time and labors to promote its well-being. The business of the College causes meetings of the Corporation to be much more frequent than those of the other Board. Seldom has he been absent when called to attend, and never without good reasons. His judgment has always been highly regarded; and his loss must be most sensibly felt by all who belong to that body.

May I be indulged for one moment, on this mournful occasion, to mention my own personal grief? Connected by intimate friendship with Dr. Howard for many years, I now find one strong cord broken which has bound me to earth. Faithful has been his friendship to me under all circumstances; and I am persuaded that all who have been favored with his friendship can say the same as it respects themselves: for unsteadiness and caprice were no parts of his character. In him I could safely confide at all times; to him I could unbosom myself with freedom: for he was sincere, and could never deceive. Alas, my brother! thou wast very dear to me; and how can I say thou art no more?

Permit me to say a few words concerning the character of Dr. Howard as it respected politics; for politics are not alien from the profession of divinity. Ministers are citizens as well as other orders of men, and ought to be concerned for the welfare of their country. This necessarily in some measure involves them in its political

concerns. Dr. Howard was a true patriot. He was an early assertor of the liberties of his country, and, when our rights were invaded, was strenuously opposed to yielding them up. He heartily engaged in promoting the American Revolution, and rejoiced at the emancipation of the United States, and the acknowledgment of their independence. But, while he has been a firm supporter of true liberty, he has, of consequence, been warmly opposed to that false liberty which directly tends to licentiousness, and which sooner or later ends in despotism.

Finally, Dr. Howard has been faithful to every trust, whether of a private or public nature. He has been the Treasurer of several societies instituted for humane and benevolent purposes; and he has taken the best care of the interests of those societies, and has conducted himself to the entire satisfaction of the members.

In exhibiting the character of this good man, my hearers, my intention has by no means been to offer the incense of fulsome adulation to his memory, but whatever has been uttered has been from the sincerity of my heart; and I am persuaded that those who intimately knew him, of whom there are many present, will not charge me with attributing to him valuable qualities which he did not possess, or exaggerating his virtues. Indeed, I have said nothing respecting any failings: but failings he doubtless had; for these are the lot of humanity; and the best men in this state of imperfection are not free from them, because they are sanctified but in part. But, whatever his failings may have been, they were so few as to be almost swallowed up or covered by that assemblage of virtues which he possessed, and which were apparent in his life. Dr. Howard was confined but a few days with the disorder which terminated his life, and he had but

a short warning of his dissolution. But we trust that preparation for a better world was not put off till this last sickness, but that he had for a long time lived in an habitual readiness for his great change; so that Death, which is called the king of terrors, was no terror to him. We trust that, when his soul left the body, it ascended to his Lord, and that he pronounced upon him this eulogy: "Well done, good and faithful servant! enter thou into the joy of thy Lord. Thou hast been faithful unto death; and I now give thee the crown of life."

To the Association to which the deceased servant of God belonged, and of which he was the senior, I know that this stroke must be peculiarly grievous. You had a very affectionate regard for him while living; and I am persuaded you will long cherish the remembrance of him in your bosoms. I pretend not to be your monitor; but I am persuaded that this solemn memento will excite you to renewed diligence and zeal in the service. May you continue to be faithful to God and to the souls of men, and may he crown your labors with abundant success! and may you finally receive a crown of glory which shall never fade away!

A DISCOURSE upon the character of Dr. Howard was also preached by the truly excellent and venerable Dr. Freeman, who pays to his brother a tribute so simple, cordial, and beautiful, that I have to resist a strong temptation in refraining to transcribe it. But, as it is among Dr. Freeman's published writings, it may undoubtedly be found by any who may be interested to read it; although copies of the works of the wise and lowly, bold and beloved, minister of King's Chapel, are, I suppose, becoming somewhat rare.

THEOLOGICAL AND ECCLESIASTICAL POSITION OF THE WEST CHURCH.

THEOLOGICAL AND ECCLESIASTICAL POSITION OF THE WEST CHURCH.

Gal. v. 1: "Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage."

In my previous Discourses, I have held forth the figures of individuals, ministers of this church. I should fail of strict justice, and but partially accomplish my object, of reviving the spirit of the foregoing times, if I did not in a more than incidental way give you some picture of the church itself. It the more becomes me to do this, because the republican doctrine, that the community makes the great men, not great men the community, was never more remarkably verified than on these shores. The laity here, indeed, constituted the church: the clergy were their organs, representatives, their courageous leaders, yet rejoicing to be but so many units from among themselves.

The Christian liberty announced in our text, is, in one brief phrase, the very chronicle of this land, and peculiarly, I must say, of this Christian body. If I begin with what any of you may think general views, let it be considered that never before in the world's annals was a people established so much upon principles; and, if I seem to go back of our own direct origin as a Society, let it be remembered that a child, born in the first generation after the landing of the Pilgrims, might have been seen as an old man by the child that should grow up to be himself among the founders of this very church; and that the gulf stream of the original influence, which brought our fathers hither, must have been operating with a scarcely diminished pressure on the minds of those predecessors of ourselves, whose faces may have been seen by the old men whose bodies we have but just laid to rest in the grave. I go back in the story; for the whole story is short.

In attempting to sketch the religious history of this Society, which in a few years will be a century and a quarter old, I must therefore necessarily search a little into the ancient root from which it is but one of a multitude of the flowers that have grown. Religious history it may well be called; for never since the beginning of the world was the character of

any land shaped and determined by religion more than that of New England. Mighty, and as yet I trust unspent, was the influx of piety, of the feeling for God, which once swept through these borders. This was not only a New England, but a new Canaan. Nor did the Hebrews themselves, whose language our fathers were so fond of quoting, when following the pillar of cloud and fire, more sensibly than our progenitors realize the presence and support of the Almighty. In both cases, it was suffering that opened the springs of devotion. The rod of Jehovah, indeed, as the Psalmist says, comforted them; for it was light and merciful after the causeless and malignant blows of the oppressor. Let God chasten us, they looked up and cried, and no human tyranny! Let the severities of Providence, in storm and disaster, be our discipline, not the cruelties of persecuting man! Even in all they endured, there was a fitness for what they were called to do. A time of trouble, however arising, is always the occasion of a new sense of Deity, and of a sublime leaning on the eternal arm. So the anguishes of our Pilgrim sires were sanctified to them and to us. In their distresses they cried unto the Lord. No wonder they dropped the formularies and rubrics and canons of the old church, in the time of their calamity. Men

must, like sinking Peter, make some spontaneous, unprescribed, unprinted prayers, in their sharp grief and misfortune. "Thou hast thrust sore at me; but the Lord is become my salvation." Such, when their souls went for solace to the Bible, was their song in the wilderness of waters, and the cold barren desert of the land.

Woe unto us, if our happy fortunes make us unmindful of their devotions! If, in these our easy and sunny days of prosperity and earthly power; in the swelling of our gains on one side, to issue in streams of luxury at the other; if, in our individual aggrandizement or the extension of our public territory, we become irreligious, sceptical, and worldly-minded,—it will be an instance of as gross and grievous ingratitude as ever existed in the annals of mankind. To forget the rock from which *we* were hewn, would show the very sublimity of a profane thanklessness to amaze the earth, and be an astonishment in the light of heaven.

We are told that, in some past geological age, a vast deluge rolled athwart this northerly region of our abode,—as it passed, like an avalanche of nature, moulding the hills and valleys, sharpening the inland peaks, and indenting the Atlantic shore; and that on the primeval granite, where it is laid bare, the

deep scratches of this broad and tremendous slide are yet clearly disclosed. Hardly less decisive, or, let us hope, less enduring, than this outward irruption, was the descent here of the Puritan soul, the current of Puritan conscience and devotion, through the moral world. The inheritor of an estate holds of some previous owner. Whether we will or no, we hold of the Puritans, as much as Paul was a Hebrew of the Hebrews. Sometimes we hear, even among ourselves, aversion expressed to the character of those stern testators, of whom we, in all that makes the distinctive moral type of this whole territory, or spreads that type to the southern cross or the setting sun, are the offspring. But it will never do for a man to decry his origin. We bear not the root, but the root us. We must take our hereditary fortune, with whatever there may be in it of good or ill; and we have reason to be content with the excess of good in the spiritual homestead that has come down to us. I am not, indeed, anxious to deny that the Puritans had faults as well as virtues; and in that land, whose arbitrary power in matters of faith and worship the Puritans could not abide, and therefore forsook, — as the historian tells us the greatest reformers England ever saw, who afterwards revolutionized that country, were on the point of forsaking

it,—the public journals have not yet ceased to stigmatize the Puritans for the errors of intolerance and superstition into which, in the very name of a purer religion, they so lamentably fell. Those errors, traced in some sad marks in our own authentic chronicles, I have no wish to deny or cover up. Let us confess them freely, and be sorry for them,—we who belong to a race in all its doings so imperfect, that, even in its best services, there is something of which to be ashamed. But we very well know that, in the comparison of individual characters, there are some men from whose excellences we may subtract their faults, and leave a mass of virtue exceeding all the worth, discoverable by the nicest microscopic examination, in other uncriticized and most respectable persons. So, take away the Puritan mistakes, and you have still remaining a sum of integrity, which outweighs the deserts of all their enemies and censors. We love our fathers for a certain huge substantial excellence. They were giants in their days; and we admire the giants for their solid merits, whatever be the deduction of their faults, more than we can feeble men who may be at once blameless and worthless. The first demand we make of a fellow-creature is that he be sincerely something; the second, that he be something good.

There is, no doubt, a Puritanism, so called, which has the harshness, with none of the grandeur, of the original stock. There have been persons, not a few, stunted and bitter specimens of the Pilgrims, proud of their ancestry, and professing to continue the line, which they prove to be but degenerate and poor. But when the old sins of prejudice and bigotry, that, like mosses on the primeval woods, infested noble and gigantic minds, are ingrafted on or eat into a narrow nature, and we have living specimens of the Puritan vices, without the Puritan virtues; when the exclusiveness, into which our forerunners were tempted in sore extremities of their peril and woe, — while, because of strange and new heresies, they beheld all at stake in the commonwealth of freedom and religion they had come so far to set up, — re-appears now in a prosperous sect, and the sour dogmatists, that would make for themselves and their friends alone a little door into heaven, mock the awful forms that once strode ghostly over the earth to avenge the sins and alter the fortunes of mankind; when, in short, Puritanism, in those who count themselves the saints and elect favorites of Heaven, becomes a sickly, self-conscious thing, instead of a grand and solemn consecration of the soul to God, — it is a mournful spectacle, for which, I think, the Puritans have not

been held accountable at the bar of God, and should not be summoned to answer at any tribunal on earth; for it is a result not begotten by the whole spirit of our sires, but born of a mother of modern iniquity. There are trees, which, when they cease to bear the fruit that may have been generous and sweet, are found to have nothing but an acrid quality in their bark and leaf. The virtues of the Puritans were from God their own; their faults bore the universal stamp and superscription of their age. If any one say their faults were great, I reply, The virtues which those faults deformed were immense, with proportions which no near and narrow look can comprehend. One standing close to a mountain may discern only some rocky chasm or frightful seam that disfigures it, and not the magnificent and perfect shape shining through the perspective, blue and beautiful as the dome of heaven to the justly distant beholder. The peculiar form of the Puritan manhood has passed away, and can never be precisely imitated or reproduced. No more have the Papal thunders, once launched at loftiest heads from the arm of Hildebrand, lowered their tone in the Romish see of our day, than the theological authority the Puritans wielded has sunk to a whisper in the mouth of any present sect, however dominant.

It may, perhaps, be counted the good fortune of our Society, that, being old, it is yet no older than it is. It grew up after the ascetic temper of religion in the land had somewhat purged itself, and the demons of superstition and persecution, that haunted the dwellings and possessed the souls of some of our forefathers, had been well nigh cast out. Exile and fines and whipping and hanging, for opinion's sake, were looking odious, as they really were, in the eyes of all good men; the punishments inflicted on the Quakers, and other of the Dissenters of Dissent, were incurring only shame; while in saintly vision some rays of glory were gathering as a halo round the martyr-heads of the punished. For more than fifty years, those called heretics had remained in the Colony unmolested. Roger Williams had, just a century before, though by flight to another State, maintained the extreme and almost intolerant rights of the individual conscience. The delusions of witchcraft had passed away; and many would gladly, if they could, have washed away with tears the stains from the statute-book, and the sometimes dark records of civil judgment. In a period thus comparatively free from religious extravagance, yet when the strength of the religious sentiment had not abated, was planted this branch of the vine, to grow up and

flourish for a while, then to be trodden under foot of foes, but to revive again, and, as we trust, be henceforth fruitful for ever.

An ancient record, lent me by one of my friends now worshipping here, of the building of our present meeting-house, though almost purely a business document, to a reader interested in its subject is yet full of historic significance. It shows how important then was the rearing of such an edifice, in the emphasis in its entries laid upon every trifling circumstance relating to the structure, to the individuals who took part in it with their hands or means, to the occupants of pews in the former house, and the distribution of seats in the new, with memorials of every person's particular agency, in nearly all cases most creditable; while, in regard to some, stands a note of reminiscence, so keenly worded that the yellow-papered volume seems to turn into a book of judgment in one's hand, or to have received some transcript strangely from the eternal register on high.

It would be a pleasant task, were it one which my limits allowed and to which my mind was competent, to present this church as it stood in association with other churches, and to portray the many able and pious men in the ministry who shed a lustre

upon the nation's youth in the early period of our still dependent existence. But I cannot give even the names of pastors or churches; nor need I repeat the tributes which have been candidly rendered to not a few of them by others. I can only say this was one of the churches shaped after the pattern of Independency in England and Holland, and called Congregational churches, because, while not subject to each other's control, they called each other into congregation for aid and counsel in time of need; although the word *congregational,* in our use of it, seems to indicate rather the freedom of each particular Christian body, and of all the members by which it is constituted.

I need not say that the theology of our fathers was of a very grave and sober tint; yet it does not appear that the darkest doctrines respecting God's disposition or human nature were ever preached in the space enclosed by these walls. The great Genevan was never installed as absolute authority in the West Church. Rather the ancient principles of independence and liberality made the basis of the Society, as the stones of the everlasting rock did of their building. Yet, in rejoicing to disown for our forerunners or for ourselves the gloomy faith of Calvinism, it were unjust and thankless did we fail to note

how much of power and glory for this land have moved forth out of that deep shadow. If, as is sometimes said of a cold and stormy country, it be a good faith to leave, such is human nature, that it may have also been a good one for many to have had in it their birth and nurture.

This church was called the West Church, or West Boston, because, when it was founded, it composed, and seemed identical with, this whole part of the town. Beneath the eaves of this one sanctuary lived a population occupying, with their scanty habitations, a territory now densely crowded with the dwellings and industrial pursuits of fifty thousand persons, — a territory which, in the multiplication of human activity, has pushed itself into the sea, driving back its waters, and continuing itself by bridging them in all directions for countless vehicles, and carriages of fire. The little part of our ancient domain, whose circle a stone's throw would reach, includes perhaps a score of churches of almost every various denomination and name. By a much better title than any pastor or clergyman can now be called the bishop of a state, this entire side of the settlement was our providential bishopric. The present Senior Minister of this church has, even in his time, discharged substantially the

office of a minister at large to the neglected and poor in this whole region. We wish well to all the newcomers that have divided among them our diocese; and trust, whatever new light they may have obtained, they will not be wanting in the respect due to a decent age, whether of individual men or of good institutions.

This church, as one shelter of those that came out from the Old World's bondage, has been exceeded, I believe, by no other church, in its assertion and maintenance, from the first, of the *liberty wherewith Christ had made it free.* How grandly, from the other side of the world and through the long vista of ages, that old sentence rings on our ears! Such liberty was indeed no easy reconquest or slight achievement. To say nothing of the political despotism for the private conscience or the public assembly, which our fathers banished themselves from their homes to throw off, there were two other yokes, the ecclesiastical and the theological, in which the necks of men were held. What I have already told of the preceding spiritual advisers and leaders of this religious host, has well informed you how little content it has ever been to bear either. What I mean by the yoke ecclesiastical, is the assumption of authority on the part of any royal pope, or aristocratic board

or council, in the name of the church at large, or of any section of it, to decree either the mode of constituting a particular church, or the precise form and order of administering its service. Our fathers disowned the right of any ecclesiastical authority, however time-hallowed or widely adopted, to determine the external modes of worshipping God. Impious and inhuman postulate indeed it is, not only to prescribe, but enforce, under civil pains or inquisitorial penalties, the outward motions of the body, and fixed shapes in the air, with which the free souls of men shall adore their Author! Superstitious and slavish obeisance, at any absolute earthly bidding, to be shut up to certain conventional robes and gestures, or to an unalterable style of furniture, instruments, and sacred utensils, with which to express things in their nature so unconfinable as love, homage, fellowship with what has no emblem to us but the boundless blowing of the invisible wind, — even the Spirit of the Almighty One!

We came of those who would not abide such a pretension, — no, not for an hour, — but indignantly broke the priestly fetters from their minds. By Hooper, while he staid here, as well as by Mayhew and Howard, was this ecclesiastical liberty exercised and affirmed. Whatever may have been the reasons

of the first minister's unceremonious farewell to his flock, and adoption of a stricter and authoritative style of service, — of his inducements to which only a probable judgment can now be made; whatever charms a more rigid custom may have had for him, — and for such a nature as his I think those charms in themselves must have been small and few; or whether, as I incline to think, it was the uncomfortableness of the surrounding theological atmosphere — as we know uncomfortable it was — that repelled him on the one side, rather than any prelatical pomp that allured him on the other, — he was no doubt well aware that the church would not go with him in any ecclesiastical change, but would stand, as it did, by its ancient liberty.

As respects the Christian body itself, it has always been a vital part of the Congregational system here set up, that the church is not built upon the ministry, but the ministry upon the church. The minister is, or should be, no lord over God's heritage, but only an ensample to the flock. The minister is but one of the brethren, who, moved by some divine call and qualified by peculiar studies, discharges the office of religious teacher, counsellor, and friend. He has here no more arbitrary authority than any other of the fraternity. He has no authority at all

but what Heaven may give him in his spiritual fitness for his work. The church is not his property; nor is the pulpit, save for his Christian prayers or instructive speech. The ordinances are his only in his common privilege to enjoy them for himself, while he dispenses them to others. The invitations to share in these ordinances he has no right to issue, but only to extend to all who accept them. "I thank you for the freedom you give me," said one lately to me, upon my explaining this open nature of every branch of our worship. "It is your freedom: I do not give it you," was my reply. Certainly I thank God, however it may have been elsewhere or in other times, or however anywhere it may be now, it is here, not the privation, but the privilege, of a minister to be no mere functionary, but a religious friend.

I know how many are ready to suggest inconveniences in this broad ecclesiastical liberty. I can only say, we have not encountered them; and trust we confess more the Master's mighty and lawful authority for not owning that of any assuming fellow-disciple or number of disciples. I know how many will declare it a loose and licentious system. I must rejoin, we have experienced no harmful laxity; and, further, that we feel in it the more safe,

because we read in our Lord's own words that his yoke is easy, and his burden light; that we perceive not whose right it is to impose any other; and that, because we find his service a blessed and reasonable one, we do not therefore conclude that we are under no yoke at all, but pray God we may ever be free from all the galling ones of human construction, while we willingly and joyfully bear that which the meek and lowly One brought from heaven. Yea, we adopt in its full extent the old Pilgrims' asserted prerogative, which they made their sublime duty as well as imperative claim, to be all kings and priests unto God. Our democratic phrase, that we are all sovereigns in this country, may be uttered in a spirit of vanity or jesting and superficial folly; but truly every soul, in the last resort, in its own conscience and reason and inspiring thought, is sovereign only under God.

Having, therefore, attempted to give you some biographic portraitures of your deceased ministers, I should feel myself wanting in my duty to the Society they have served, if I did not add this statement of the unquestionable theory and position of historic verity which belong to the Society and Church itself. From this ground, ministry and people together have sprung. They are rooted together in one common

soil. Of the people themselves, the ministry have been but the outgrowth and representation; and, to vindicate the people in their position, the ministry, as the voice of this place, thus lie under a special bond.

Besides, however, the yoke ecclesiastical, there is a yoke theological, of humanly devised dogmas, of concerted articles in a creed which men may be summoned to endure. It would be indeed wonderful had our fathers been able to cast off both these yokes together; and there are evidences that the theological yoke pressed heavily with them, as it always has on the minds of men. It certainly is with no wish to arrogate any thing to ourselves, but with a judgment amenable to the simple dictate of truth, that I declare my persuasion, that nowhere, even from this yoke, was obtained relief earlier or greater than in the West Church. Hooper, its first minister, as we have seen, came into conflict with his clerical brethren on account of his criticizing the severe ideas, commonly held forth, of the divine wrath and vengeance, and advocating an idea of the attributes of God more liberal and generous than in many quarters prevails even at the present day; and his people sustained him. If either party was wanting to the other, it was not the people that failed

Hooper, but Hooper that afterwards fell away from them; but he did not, so far as we know, fall away from them on grounds of theological difference with the members of his own Society. The kindly, and I think just, construction of the reasons of his departure, would refer them, not to any wilful disloyalty to his friends, but to what probably became an annoying and false theological relationship with the whole Congregational, which was then the ruling, body.

I have confessed to you already the but slight means in my possession for making out a perfect likeness of our first minister. My delineation may accordingly be considered, to some extent, conjectural. As, from scattered portions of an animal structure, the physiologist undertakes to give the kind, and restore the complete size and shape, of the creature that lived in the history of the world long ago, so from but a few memorials we have sometimes to reconstruct the features and magnitude of a human soul. Of the accuracy of my general conception of Hooper, and of the fairness of my interpretation of his conduct, I have no serious doubt. Without some particular cause, such as I have suggested, impelling him, it would seem the more difficult to account for his unceremonious

departure from the people of his charge, as he seems to have had among them, beyond even his successors, an extraordinary popularity as a preacher, and to have been much cherished as a man among those for whom he himself cared as a pastor. Moreover, the tradition would inform us of a sorrow at his going, which, had his separation been a wholly unjustifiable desertion, would scarcely have been felt. I therefore leave the general explanation, which I have already given, of his act, with expressing the hope that he meant to step from the ranks of the clergy, rather than from the heart of his flock; and, though he dealt not openly with the Society, that he may have taken counsel with some of his friends here before concluding to forsake his charge; that at least his own conscience was satisfied with the decision he made, even if few others were privy to it; and that, if we knew more of the circumstances, so singular and sudden a procedure on his part would seem to us more satisfactory and clear.

But thus much must be said, in regard to Hooper, that the contest which he began with false or superstitious doctrines in the Congregational body he did not continue. The brave soldier, fighting, like Paul, the good fight of faith, for some reason did not choose to remain and fight it out. Yet, so far

as the church or the ministry of the church was concerned, this did not much matter, as a truly undaunted and never-yielding combatant was about to appear in the field, and plant himself in the free pulpit of the West Church, in the person of Jonathan Mayhew.

I have spoken of the boldness of Mayhew and Howard in exploding the prevalent Calvinism of their day. But they must certainly share the credit of their independence with the Society, which, without sign of faltering, still adhered to them, whose own forward opinions they may have to a great degree expressed, and without whose defence they would have had no point from which to act on the community, but would have been as generals without an army. The independence and liberality which they showed, I must claim as traits of the worshipping band to which in holy things they ministered, and which, instead of dismissing or suffering any excommunication from abroad to touch them in their place, guarded and cherished them for what they indeed were, — the apple of its eye, the very organ of its sight, and inlet of all satisfaction to its soul. It is a great deal, even for a society, in times of general distrust and hostility, to defend its minister. It is like what soldiers sometimes do, —

at peril of their own lives, rescuing an endangered officer in the hottest of the fray.

I must therefore assert, that the position and entire historic tendency of this church have been towards no inculcation of any recognized dogmatic creed outside the Bible as essential to salvation, and no injunction of forced oaths, by which one is made to swear to the commentaries and confessions of other minds before reaching the table of the Lord on earth, or the kingdom of God in heaven.

To one man, indeed, of transcendent prowess, the church is for all time deeply in debt. As we read of some mighty warrior, who, in the boundless raging and pale dismay of the battle, with his resistless arm makes a clear space around himself and his followers for freedom of motion, so Mayhew particularly opened the ground on which we stand. To use a peaceful illustration, this was one of the first spots cleared and cultivated in the great Western territory of religious thought, while the forests of ancient superstition hung darkly over the land, and the thorny thickets of scholastic distinctions tangled the traveller's feet, and the continent at large must wait yet many long years for the bringing forth of the fruits of a rational faith.

I need not say how this standard, both of libe-

rality and independence, has been received and borne up by the honored pastor who, as in our late jubilee it has been noted, succeeded to Howard now more than half a century ago. The church has not been moved from its old foundation in any direction of denominational strife, because there has been no occasion for it to move. Like the ark of the Lord, which, saved from the enemy, holy hands bore up of old, it has only been carried steadily and unhurt for ever forward. The doors into it were made large at the first; nor have they since, by the hands of any theological carpenter, been made smaller. We have not, because of the sects that have followed upon or fought with each other upon speculative doctrines and points of doubtful disputation, required any alteration in the architecture of our principles, or in the simple and decent order of our modes, which are held perfectly at our own varying discretion. There has, of course, been change, and, we may trust, improvement, in the ways of thinking upon many subjects even here, else Time, God's great instructor to man, would have taught us no lessons; but the fundamentals of faith and practice were anciently laid so broad, that no necessity has ever arisen of their being, in their great proportions, disturbed, or anywhere taken up. The

church stands where the old church did: its principles are the same. We have received, and do receive, to our communion, persons of various opinions respecting the articles about which an everlasting war has sundered the church, yet has not convinced us that Christ himself need by them be divided, but that he is divided only by the pride, the party-spirit, and every unworthy passion, of his nominal followers. We are consistent in this catholic ground, because we do not look to be saved by our understanding at all, and cannot even conceive of such salvation by any theoretical construction of terms in the sharp and busy brain, much as the metaphysical brain has tried to substitute itself as a saviour for Christ; but by the Spirit and the Son of God in our hearts. The Scriptures, it has well been said, tell us little of theology or of religion, but much of God and Christ.

Accordingly, we assume no sectarian name. This church has never, by any act of itself or of its pastors, taken sides with any one of the divisions into which the Congregational body in New England has been unhappily rent. Like some unallotted piece of Christ's vesture, that may have from the soldiers' hands dropped unnoticed to the ground, and so was not fought for, it has remained unappro-

priated by any one of the quarrelling parties. The clergy of all denominations, who would listen to its invitation, have been welcomed into its pulpit; though thus far, I must distinctly in all justice say, to the Unitarian preachers alone must be awarded the credit of a general willingness, by exchanges, to hold fellowship with those, who, as a corporate body, have declined to unite themselves with any theological organization, or commit themselves to the lead of any modern Paul or Cephas or Apollos, whom they might think guides not so good even as the ancient ones. By those actually committed, they have sometimes been sneered at for this independent stand; as though some arrogance or policy were suspected in a position occupied with Christian humility and unquestionable courage, perhaps before its critic's or censor's ecclesiastical parents were born.

Probably without any design to wrong it, the church has been called by a particular name, on account of the undoubted sentiment of a majority of its members; yet a name which the church or its ministry has never adopted, by however many of those members it may be cheerfully borne. There being, to decide the matter of a mere name, no clerical or lay authority beyond the simple declaration of the facts, every one, in or out of the church,

who undertakes to speak of or denominate it, must be thrown, of course, upon his honest feeling of responsibility to the truth. For my own part, I aver my humble understanding of that unsectarian character in the church, which but corresponds to my unborrowed conviction and independent attitude before I had with it any relation; and you are well aware, from his many and earnest affirmations, how uniformly the venerated Senior Pastor has stood in the same view. We do not come together here on the ground of any recognized denominational theology. Let me add, that, allowing every man's right to give his own thought of us according to his own judgment, I am neither able nor disposed, after full notice and warning always in private and public respecting this our untrammelled posture, to correct every mistake that may be made in calling us names, as I have no anxiety to repel misnomers applied to myself. It would be an unreasonable demand that a man should spend his time in rectifying, or employ his thoughts in lamenting, erroneous statements and groundless rumors on such a subject; especially when the slightest reflection may teach us that the important point is, not by what names we are called, but what in reality we are. We shall not stand by the appellations we give ourselves, nor be

blown over by the breath of appellations which others may give us. As individuals and as a society, we shall exert our influence, not according to the designations men apply, but according to our actual characters. Let us look to *them;* let us pray God for their reform, through his regenerating power; let us feel a twofold concern for the purity and loving devotion of our souls; because in our dispositions is not only involved our individual fate, but wrapped up also the honor of an association with one another, that should be unspeakably dear.

I am very sensible how many, upon such a theological and ecclesiastical position as I have now explained, will bring a charge rung through the harsh gamut of the catch-words, — that bigotry ever delights itself to sing, — of looseness, uncertainty, compromise; sitting upon the fence between opposite parties, or halting long between two opinions. I can only, for answer, appeal first to the listeners in this assembly, whether there is any want of distinctness and candor in the sentiments expressed in their hearing or cherished in their minds. I reply, next, that, if the church be true and firm at its own post, we have no regret to express or feel at its situation, however it may be caricatured as a solitary wanderer between orderly rows of other churches, instead of

being assorted or identified with any one class. We are sensible of no disgust at its being considered even a bridge of passage from one ground to another, or like a stepping-stone in the torrent, enabling those disposed on either hand to tread and pass safely over; though we do not regard it as between sects, but aside from or above them all. We are no believers in merely rigid and unbroken lines of controversy, like the adverse fronts of hostile armies, or the fiery faces that flash from besiegers to besieged. On the contrary, let us rejoice in a church useful, not in being neutral, or belonging to a third party or a no-party party, but by being superior to all parties whatsoever; like a strong and prosperous nation, that looks calmly on, and presents to the angry belligerents of a whole hemisphere an example of what can be done by peaceful industry. If anybody will say, You *must*, in religion, take sides one way or another with the allied hosts, or the single power by which they are resisted, a political case is certainly not far off to show how needless, and perhaps injurious, might be such a partisan religious movement. As to the perilous looseness of such a position, I add, it is indeed loose, if there are no celestial bonds to hold that from which earthly cords are thus sundered or unwound.

But if there be invisible attractions from powers of the world to come, in which our souls are well fastened, we may well say to the terrestrial chains men would put on us, "Off, you lendings!" Those who once thought the earth itself had a material basis, or that the crystal cope rested upon a boundless plain, might have trembled with terror at a sudden revelation to them of the round world swinging loose, and apparently unsupported, in the unpillared, measureless firmament. Yet further knowledge would persuade them that the gravitation of the boundless heavens is a support for this planetary dwelling, stronger and more secure than any foundations below or columns above. So we can dispense with deriving from earthly standards the tendencies of our belief, and with ordering, at any human word of command, the motions of our reason and conscience which we keep spiritually connected with the inspiring Mind that made us, and humbly subject to the everlasting law of God.

In thus interpreting the stand we take, it is not my design to denounce religious denominations, nor even to regret their existence. I believe they have a truly providential purpose, and, in the human mind, an unquestionable necessity. Nay, but for the successive attempts, which they have embodied, to define

the religion they have all professed; but for the interest in the gospel which their very controversies have awakened, kept alive, and perpetuated, — I believe that, through the ignorance and unspirituality of mankind, the religion would have long ago been in its grave, probably not surviving the first century of its birth. But, however necessary and useful may have been the denominations, it is not necessary that every man, every minister, or every church, should belong to one or another of them. Denominations have their place, but must not claim and monopolize the whole world. The man, the minister, the church, may have a conviction of all the great realities of religion, without partisanship; as the statesman may — and the great statesman always will — pursue the welfare of his country, and not identify himself with any one of its political factions. It is far more important for us to be practical Christians than to be profound theologians.

But no reflecting man, none but the most superficial thinker, can feel any inclination to despise theology. It would be to despise the noblest of all the sciences, and to cast a slight upon knowledge itself, in disesteeming the most sovereign and enduring sort of knowledge; it would be to forget, that, in the first and great commandment, God requires

us to love him with all our mind, as well as all our soul. We must have some understanding of religion. It must not be all mystery or all feeling. Without understanding, the feeling of religion dies away into a formal repetition, a lifeless phrase on the tongue, or a solemn but tedious reiteration from the memory, which, however it may satisfy the weak and simple-minded, disgusts active and thoughtful spirits. Theology is religion in the head; and thus it has its rightful place, because religion should be in the head. But it is of still more consequence it should be in the heart, where it is not theology, but love; in the conscience, where it is not theology, but duty; and in the life, where it is not theology, but all excellence, beautiful goodness, and integrity. Be it not, however, forgotten, that the head and heart and life of a man are all connected together in one vital system, to be alike cared for, as we would for the great essential and mutually related organs of the body.

I therefore contend not against those who, as individuals or as societies, feel called upon to devote themselves to securing this adjustment: I only explain our own position. And I cannot omit subjoining, to confirm our independent and catholic attitude as a church, that the great ideas of religion, which make

the grand and comprehensive theology of the church universal, are all above the petty dogmas of particular sects; and that in them contending sects might, as we may hope they one day with a larger vision will, be reconciled, and the warmest disputants brought together. Recognizing here no foes; seldom in our preaching or hearing having at all in mind the dissensions that rage outside our harbor of peace; deriving our themes — you will bear me witness, my friends — from sources above the angry surge; and clinging to the conception of the church, in all climes, under all names, and through all ages, as one, — we never, as it is styled, *dismiss* a member from our company, though by removal he may be withdrawn from our sight, or by death carried into another world; and we ask of no one a dismission from any other company of believers, in order to his finding admission and cordial entertainment in ours.

I wish, as nearly as possible, to state what our position is, rather than any private notion of my own what it should be. If it be a position in any respect indefinite, we may trust it is in all respects charitable. In dealing with truths that are infinite, and a spirit that is vast and incomprehensible, it may be doubted if a very severe definiteness, consistently with the

love of God and man, is possible as a true bond, even were it desirable. Moreover, it often does not exist where it is most pretended. When men are named to us under denominational designations, — Orthodox or Liberal, Churchmen or Dissenters, — we feel that they are described but rudely, if at all; that opposite characters are embraced in the same nomenclature; and that we have no accurate perceptions, after all, till we know the men themselves. Even the terms Unitarian and Trinitarian are inexpressive till we are apprised how far they refer to two different tenets in creeds, or two opposite parties of men, with their whole conflicting systems of beliefs and measures.

We would fain therefore, as a Society, if we might, belong to that already great and ever-growing host of those who cannot easily be described under any terms of the logic of ancient or modern schools; who refuse classification, not because they are nothing, or disposed to lurk prudently in the vague twilight of cowardly indecision, but because at least they aspire to be so much, as lovers of God and man; striving to mend their own life and thought, while doing something to reform the world; glorying to commune with invisible perfection, that ever lures them to a higher point for a wider prospect;

seeking and saving that which was lost. This is a worthy position, that will show itself more and more alike unambiguous and unavoidable. As no philosophy ever held in its grasp the outward universe, however it might trace a little way some of its circles and pierce a little way into some of its depths, so the fellowship of God's children and Christ's disciples cannot submit to be embraced by any exclusive terminology. Of such terminology they are always somewhat ashamed; in fact, they do not respect the sharp landmarks set up, but must pass freely through the whole territory. They are, according to Christ's benediction, inheritors of the earth and occupants of the world, while aspirants after another world of immortality. Let us not, indeed, be so vain as to say we are of this noble brotherhood. But we will say we are of no other. We desire to be of this. At least, let us stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and not be entangled again with the yoke of bondage.

May it please the church, as it is now embodied, to accept the portraiture I have tried to make faithfully according to its actual qualities and its ideal aim! There were, indeed, only presumption in the attempt of any individual to sketch the character of

a great united body, but that it must be done by an individual, or not at all. May the present church not disown the justness of the likeness; may the church translated, and now in glory, feel itself not unfairly dealt with; and may the future church, yet to come on earth, accept these lines as some rude index to signify the direction in which we in our day and generation are travelling! Faint and poor, however, as may be the portraiture, let a benediction from the earnest prayers and sacred wishes of many years, from deep sympathy with the sorrows and joys of multitudes made dear, from the thought of many graves, and a spiritual beholding of many long-since or lately occupied seats in heaven, here be spoken to the West Church!

APPENDIX TO THE DISCOURSES.

In the Discourse upon Jonathan Mayhew, whose name is one of the glories alike of this country and of the American Church, as well as of the particular Society to which he ministered, I have spoken of him as the first openly to proclaim on these shores the sublime doctrine of the strict and undivided unity of God. The very fact of the independence of all theological parties, which this parish has maintained, but renders it the more my duty to affirm, that no other doctrine is understood ever to have prevailed among the worshippers, or been preached or implied by any of the pastors, since Mayhew's day. Dr. Howard and Dr. Lowell — of the latter of whom, as well as the former, as he is nowise cognizant beforehand of the friendly notices of him in this volume, I may say, that he has been exceeded by no one in the comprehensiveness of his Christian liberality — have, in regard to this grand tenet of theology, occupied, with Mayhew and the religious body to which they have all ministered, the same ground. They have, indeed, uniformly put the spirit and practical life of Christianity, in importance, before all points of doctrine whatsoever; have avoided, as far as possible,

controversial discussions of every kind; have sought for points of union, and not division, with other believers; and never been disposed to make any speculative dogma an indispensable condition of religious fellowship. Trinitarians are as welcome as Unitarians to our assembly and our communion. The teachers of the congregation, from the pulpit and through the press, have spoken, each for himself, with all plainness and kindness, the truth that lay near their hearts. But, in a volume intended to do justice to people as well as clergy, I could not answer for omitting distinctly to say, that the great majority, if not all, of the hearers, while wholly unsectarian in their inclination, are quite agreed, with those chosen for their servants in holy things, in regard to this faith in the simple unity of God. I am glad to record in this, as in respect to the primal obligation of Christian charity, their loyal adherence to the stand taken by the lofty mind and courageous soul of him who is the foremost champion in this land of all united in the like judgment of sacred things; and the particularity of my statement may be attributed, among other and greater motives, to an earnest desire to claim and vindicate the historic honor of both our church, and of our noble predecessor and spiritual adviser in this place. It is believed, however, that the ministers and the church have always equally sympathized in the view of that unspeakable oneness of the Son with the Father, into which Christ, not monopolizing or appropriating it to himself, would, by the grace of his prayer, humility, and love, baptize and bring all his disciples. But it is needless to say how consistent this is with the great, fundamental, never-abrogated article of Jewish and Christian faith.

It is proper to remark, that, while the writer of this

note is persuaded of the accordance in these sentiments of those with whom he is connected, he here publishes them on his own responsibility, without other authority or right than may be supposed to be derived from a common consciousness and understanding with his parishioners and friends. Those who speak and meditate and pray together for a long course of years, may all become substantially fair reporters of the present and chroniclers of the past in their condition; so that we may each one bear witness of what is and has been, and declare our confidence that the pulpit, which was the first on this side the water to proclaim the pure unity of God, will be the last to renounce it; nay, that it will here never be renounced.

That this exposition may be without any possible disguise, lacking no element of frankness or thoroughness, let it be added, that the doctrine of the Divine Unity among us is held in the exact sense of one unequalled, incommunicable, and infinite Personality. However difficult to the human mind it may be to unite in a single thought the two ideas of immensity and personality, yet, while this is the uniform representation of Scripture, the difficulty is surely but increased by multiplying the persons: for, let it be considered, the addition of the element of *number* to the persons as more than one, unavoidably makes personality finite, which there is no philosophical necessity that *unipersonality* should be; as that principle of will, activity, power, which forms in our notion the essence of person, agrees as well with an absolute as with a dependent being: it may be a boundless will, activity, power, not included in space, but comprehending space and the universe. But severalty of persons in the Godhead robs it of its unbounded, and so truly adorable, being

and glory. Further: the sentiments of worship and love which we owe to our Maker demand for ever one only object on whom, in their own simplicity and for their free and joyful exercise, they may be supremely fixed. He, the first and last attribute of whose nature is its immeasurableness by our minds, certainly comes nearer to being distinctly apprehended as an Eternal Unity than under any hard mode or perpetual variation of a confusing Trinity. To one observing widely the religious history of mankind, the suspicion indeed must be irresistibly suggested, that the doctrine of the tripersonality of the Godhead is but the last relic of the Polytheism which so long sundered the great Divinity into more persons than we can count. Nor let it be forgotten, as a reason for the greatest explicitness, that, while the Polytheism that so long clung to the unspiritualized mind of our race has for us mostly gone by, now, in place of the multiform idolatry of the Old World, modern times have witnessed the opening of a more fatal superstition in the boundless gulf of Pantheism, into which the Trinitarianism, so offensive to philosophic minds, like a rushing, offshooting torrent, terribly plays, and from which nothing but a simple faith in the unity of God can hold us back. The reader of history will remember, that, when several emperors at once swayed the Roman realm, the sovereignty was degraded by being shared. So the supremacy of the creation loses dignity when conceived as reposed in distinct hands. In the poetry of our praise, we indeed personify the Holy Spirit, but without meaning that it is a real person, or other than an influence, direct from God or breathing through his Son, as we personify any grace from heaven or holy virtue; and we address Jesus, pouring out our affection to him, or giving to him in our doxologies glory

in his church, without ever designing to pay to him — what he would utterly refuse from us — our supreme worship. Indeed, it confirms this whole reasoning upon the divine personality, that, while the "person" of the Father is mentioned in the New Testament, Christ is declared to be the "image" of that "person," but nowhere called another equal person in the Godhead.

Loath as I am to extend further a note already far transcending its anticipated limits, the last words here must signify our wish to live in peace and communion with all denominations. Verily we are convinced peace on earth is to come. Even in the multiplication of parties, we would see, not more separation, but rather an approach by just gradations to the healthy union of all sincere believers. The musical symphony arises from a thousand combinations of not only near, but also distant, notes; the garb of humanity is no soldier's uniform, but for every one a becoming dress; true painting is no mechanical Chinese copying after a few unvarying types, but a rendering of expressions from every various shade and color, as the countenance of Nature herself is glorious from the infinity of her traits. So the day is even now at hand when the spiritual harmony, beauty, and order of the world will be seen to arise from the utmost intellectual freedom, joined to the deepest cordiality; when the bond of conformity shall be outworn, and charity and truth kiss each other. Then no party dogma shall at once cut the vital connections of Holy Writ and the bonds of believers, but the *name* of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit be the immortal union of us all.

ACCOUNT OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

ACCOUNT

OF THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL OF THE WEST-BOSTON SOCIETY.*

THIS school — which has for many years constituted an interesting and important part of the agency of the West-Boston Society in the religious culture of the young, and in extending and strengthening the bonds of Christian sympathy among many of its members, as pupils and teachers, who might not otherwise have enjoyed opportunity for friendly and familiar intercourse — having been instituted under the ministry of the Senior Pastor, and grown up under his fostering care, and become one of the crowns of his rejoicing in the retrospect of his mission to the people of his charge, a brief sketch of its

* For information of many of the facts stated in this brief historical sketch, and particularly for those of early date, the author is indebted to Mr. Thomas Gaffield, the Secretary, and one of the most devoted and successful teachers.

origin, progress, and character seems a not inappropriate addition to a volume intended to be illustrative of the history of that Society.

Like many other benevolent institutions for the relief of suffering and for the spiritual elevation of humanity, offering no rewards of gain or fame, this school had its origin in very humble beginnings, and owes its establishment, and gradual introduction into the hearts of parents and children, mainly to the disinterested and earnest spirit of a few ladies of the Society, — the sex "last at the cross, and first at the sepulchre," and ever to be the first in enterprises calling for humility and self-sacrifice, with no other reward than the consciousness of duty faithfully attempted. Nor may its brief story be without interest, as illustrative of the wide-spreading, beneficent, and permanent influences of the seemingly humblest efforts in the service of the Master, and of the faithfulness of the assurance that bread cast upon the waters shall be found after many days. For some time prior to the year 1811, a society of young ladies had been formed, under the name of the "Gleaning Circle," for the purposes of mutual entertainment and improvement by literary exercises, and of contributing, by their needles and otherwise, to the relief of the poor, consisting of

members from various religious societies, but chiefly from that under Dr. Lowell's pastoral charge, who was accustomed occasionally to attend their meetings, and to aid in the ministration of their charities.

Early in that year, the Rev. John Bartlett, afterwards settled at Marblehead, was chaplain of the almshouse in Leverett Street; and being a man of active and wise benevolence, and perceiving the destitution of all means of education for the very young children of the poor to prepare them for entering the public schools, he established by subscription two charity-schools — one at the North End, and one at the western part of the town — for that purpose, and also for the instruction of the female children in sewing, there being then no primary schools; of which admirable institution, now so prized, and so indispensable in our system of public education, these were perhaps the germs.

The one last named, of course, soon attracted the attention and interest of Dr. Lowell, whose zeal in the service of his Master, not limited to the bounds of parochial duty, had already made him the minister at large to the poor and afflicted and erring in that portion of the town, and who commended it to the benevolence of the "Gleaning Circle."

Several of its members immediately took the school under their patronage; became themselves, and afterwards procured others to become, contributors for its support; and assisted in the instruction of the children, and in the clothing of those the most destitute. In a short time, it fell entirely into the hands of the ladies of the West-Boston Society, including many besides the members of the Circle, and was wholly maintained and managed by them. In the year 1813, while Miss Lydia Adams was the matron of the school, she, being on a visit in Beverly, saw the children of the Society then under the charge of Rev. Dr. Abbot, and now under that of the Rev. Mr. Thayer, assembled after service for religious instruction by members of the Society; thus constituting, as is believed, the first Sunday school in America. Being greatly impressed with the utility and effect of such a school as there exhibited, upon her return she communicated her views to the ladies then in charge of her school, who, uniting in sentiment with her, immediately made arrangements for the religious instruction of the children under her care, on Sunday, by the attendance of two of them, in regular rotation, for that service.

At that time, there were about fifteen children in

the school, all of whom were girls, and who attended church, and were seated together in the gallery. The number, however, was gradually increased by the accession of children of members of the Society, who had become sensible of its great utility; and the name was changed, from being the "West-Boston Charity School," to that of the "West-Parish Sewing School."

It continued to flourish until the establishment of the public primary schools for the same ends entirely superseded its necessity, when it was given up. But so faithfully and successfully had its patrons and benefactors fulfilled their duties, and so popular had it become with the benevolent women of the Society, that, at its dissolution, a fund of about seventeen hundred dollars had been accumulated from subscriptions and donations for its support, which is now under the management and dispensation of a board of managers, composed of ladies of the parish, by whom it is administered for objects akin to those for which it was originally designed.

But the great good accomplished for the little ones who attended the school during its continuance, (and who would now venture to compute its extent?) and the advantages derived by those who, in

thus aiding to save and to elevate the lowly, were unconsciously raising themselves nearer to heaven, and this permanent charitable fund, are not the only memorials of this humble institution, nor those, great though they be, which chiefly entitle its name and usefulness to be held in affectionate and respectful remembrance. It was the parent of the Sunday school of the West-Boston Society, the first established in Boston, and whose beneficent influences in the religious training of the young, in affording opportunities of association and confiding intercourse between pastor and people, in multiplying and extending the bonds of Christian sympathy and affection among those engaged in its instruction, and in the formation of the holiest friendships between teachers and pupils, never to cease on earth or in heaven, will ever entitle it to reverential and fond regard in the minds of a multitude who have already enjoyed them, and, it may be hoped, will be continued so long as the Society shall exist. The ladies who had thus undertaken the religious instruction of the children on Sunday became so deeply interested in their work, and rendered their ministrations so attractive, that other children, not connected with the school, were induced to partake of the benefit of them, until the

number, at the time of its dissolution, amounted to about fifty, with a complement of about eight teachers, who were accustomed to assemble, in mild weather, in the room under the belfry, and, in winter, in the galleries, and subsequently, as the school increased, at the Derne-street Schoolhouse. And thus was formed the first of those institutions in this city, which are now esteemed an essential department in most of the religious societies throughout the United States.

The Sunday school for girls having become thus firmly established in the hearts of the teachers and pupils, and its happy influences upon both being deeply felt, the ladies having it in charge, desirous of extending the like blessing to the boys, exerted themselves to convince some of the gentlemen of the Society of its value, and thus induced the establishment of the boys' school early in the year 1822.

Some difficulties were at first encountered in both schools in inducing the wealthier portion of the Society to send their children, — a Sunday school being then generally associated with the idea of a charity-school for elementary teaching, as well as for religious instruction; and also because of a widely prevailing impression, that such attendance would

interfere with and supersede parental teaching at home. The example, however, of a few, who had more correct knowledge of the real character of the school, and their conviction, which gradually diffused itself, that Sunday-school instruction, so far from interfering with, was found to be a very efficient auxiliary, by engaging both parents and children in researches before unthought of, and by exciting a deeper sympathetic interest in religious study and thought, soon overcame these difficulties; and both schools, for the ensuing ten years, were gradually gaining upon the confidence and affections of parents and children, and increasing in numbers, until the aggregate of pupils exceeded an hundred and fifty, each school having a correspondingly large and efficient corps of teachers earnestly devoted to their interesting charge.

The mutual sympathy naturally existing between them, and the conviction that a union of them would be attended with manifest advantage to both, and lead to still more extended and faithful exertion, had for several years made it a subject of conversation and deep interest; but the want of a suitable room seemed to be an insuperable obstacle to any satisfactory and efficient arrangement for that purpose. As, however, every year added to the belief

of its importance, and strengthened the interest of all in its accomplishment, it was finally determined to appeal to the Society for the construction and equipment of a schoolroom in the basement of the church. It was made, and responded to as instantly as made, with the liberality which has always distinguished the Society whenever any object worthy of its bounty has been presented for its favor; and the use of the basement was granted, and a sum exceeding twelve hundred dollars was immediately raised by subscription, for building and furnishing a room, which was subsequently, and by an almost equal subscription, enlarged and improved into the spacious and commodious one now thus occupied.

The two schools met there together, and were thus united, in the month of February, in the year 1832.

Until the establishment of the boys' school, Dr. Lowell had been accustomed to assemble the children for catechetic instruction, — the girls in the afternoon of Sunday, and the boys in that of Wednesday. But, as the two schools contained all of those who were wont to attend those exercises, and pursued a somewhat similar mode as a part of their system, and he attended and supervised them, the necessity of that arrangement ceased. And it may well be

accounted among the felicities of the Sunday school, that it affords this weekly opportunity for the pastor thus to meet the children of his flock, and a large portion of its junior members, engaged in an active course of religious training, as means of strengthening a parental interest towards them, and exciting a more immediate filial love and respect on their part towards him. And such opportunity has been most faithfully improved by both the pastors of the Society, and, as is believed, has been made highly conducive to the happiness of all.

The course of instruction which had been adopted until the union of the schools, was substantially the same in both. Before that event, each had a superintendent, whose duty it was to preside, and arrange the pupils into classes, and designate the instructors for each, and provide for the teaching of any whose instructor might be absent, and to exercise a general supervision; to conduct the religious exercises at the opening of the school, by reading a liturgy and lesson for the day from the admirable compend compiled for that purpose by Dr. Follen, and to give a general lesson, or brief address, to the whole school at the close, or to arrange for the giving of one by some one of the instructors, unless one were given by the pastor or some visitor, as was not

infrequently the case. The teachers of the several classes exercised their own discretion in the selection of manuals and books from which to instruct the children; subject, of course, to any objection that might be made by the pastor or superintendent, though none is known ever to have been so made. They were left also to adopt the mode of instruction most congenial to their own minds and hearts and abilities, and the capacities and peculiarities of their pupils; but the principal and almost universal mode was rather conversational, and in the exchange of thought and inquiry upon the subject to which the lesson related; memoriter recitations, excepting of very short lessons preparatory for such conversation, not being generally in favor.

The pupils were advised, but not required, to write at home their remembrance of the lesson given by their teacher, or of the general lesson, or of one of the sermons of the day, to be exhibited to their teachers and the superintendent on the following Sunday, — a most admirable exercise for cultivating the habit of attention to spoken discourse, for disciplining the memory, for attaining to habits of accurate statement, and familiarizing the mind and heart with religious thought.

In the first institution of both schools, a system

of rewards for good conduct had been introduced, — consisting of monthly certificates, and quarterly presents of useful books, — as incentives to exertion; but it was soon found, in both, that the interest excited by the emulation inseparable from any mode of effective teaching, — and which, under proper direction, is one of God's appointed means of stimulating the youthful mind, and may be, in its exhibitions, one of the most important and interesting subjects of training, — and the fondness of the pupils for their teachers, and desire to please them, and their interest in the themes to which their attention was directed, — rendered all such artificial aid needless; and it was soon abandoned.

In the boys' school, however, a system had been adopted for securing punctuality by the use of tickets, first introduced by Mr. Nathaniel A. Haven, then superintendent of the school in Portsmouth, — a gentleman eminent alike for his scholarship and devotional spirit. There was one for each Sunday in the quarter, numbered from one to thirteen, each having upon it reference to a practical text of Scripture, which the pupil was to learn and repeat to the teacher upon its delivery; and as one was surrendered, and the next number taken, whenever the pupil came punctually, the number on that surren-

dered on the last Sunday of the quarter designated the number of times of punctual attendance, and the pupil would have learned and repeated a corresponding number of impressive passages of Scripture. This was found a very effective arrangement. After the schools were united, the same system was substantially pursued. A general superintendent of both schools was appointed, with one for the girls' school. At five minutes after the hour for assembling, the doors were closed, and the devotional service was read. The doors were then opened, and those who had arrived in season for prayers delivered and exchanged their tickets, repeating the verse referred to on that surrendered. Each class was then left to the care of its particular teacher until the time arrived for the general lesson, about fifteen minutes being allowed for it. In the mean time, those who had prepared written exercises delivered them to the superintendent, who made a list of them, and read as many as time would allow, making occasional annotations of correction and encouragement. The names of those who had presented them were read aloud to the school; and the exercises were returned to them when it was dismissed.

Before the giving of the general lesson, a brief examination upon that of the preceding Sunday was

had, in which answers to questions were usually volunteered, but sometimes called for. The bewitching simplicity, manly confidence, modest diffidence, and sometimes startling fulness of spiritual apprehension, with which these answers were often given, made it the most interesting exercise of the day, and generally excited intense interest among the children, and perhaps not less in the hearts of the teachers.

Then followed the general lesson, by the pastor or superintendent, or one of the teachers, or some visitor; after which, the services were closed by the singing of a hymn, in which all united, standing.

So great was the impulse given to the schools by the labors of those engaged in them prior to their union, and by the animating influences of that event, that the number of pupils soon afterwards amounted to about one hundred and eighty; and it was not unusual to have from thirty to fifty written exercises given in, many of them containing an almost entire record of the whole lesson.

Many of the gentlemen who taught in the school joined in giving general lessons, dividing among themselves the subjects of interest, upon which each prepared himself with much care, — one taking the

geography and climate and productions of Palestine; another, the modes of life and structure of dwellings there in the times of the Saviour; another, scriptural archæology; another, natural theology; another, the miracles in the New Testament; and others, the most interesting of the events and teachings in the life of Christ. And these lessons were very carefully adapted to the capacities of the children, though not infrequently highly instructive to all present.

A valuable and constantly increasing library, obtained by donations, and contributions by the Society (made annually upon the Sunday preceding Fast Day), is attached to the school, from which the children are permitted to take books, and which is very freely used by them.

In reverting to the history of the school, as yet fresh in the memories of many, from its earliest beginnings, the names of numbers among its teachers and pupils, both living and dead, arise in grateful remembrance, who have shed light and happiness and spiritual beauty upon its path, and the value of whose influences can only be told when the history of all hearts shall be revealed. Many now living can number a score or more of years passed as its pupils or instructors, or as both, who count the hours spent in receiving or giving instruction there

among the most blessed of their lives, and some of whom still continue this interesting labor of love with unabated zeal and fidelity. Many parents love to speak in grateful recognition of its agency in precious influences upon themselves and their children; and many a heart glows with affectionate friendships formed there, which they trust to find perpetuated in heaven.

It would be a delightful office to give utterance to the gratitude due to them all. We may not thus honor the living; but it may be allowed to pay the tribute of grateful and affectionate remembrance at the graves of those who have left us. Distinguished among these was John Lowell, jun., the wise and beneficent founder of the Lowell Institute; a man whom a wise foresight, a profound love of his race, and a devotional spirit, prepared to become one of the most eminent benefactors of his times, and whose generosity in the bestowment of his great wealth for the moral and intellectual advancement of his fellow-citizens will perpetuate his name in grateful and honored remembrance so long as this city shall endure. He was for some time an assistant superintendent and teacher, and afterwards took charge of a Bible-class in the vestry, as an appendage to the school for those of more mature age, and fre-

quently gave the general lesson, his theme being usually natural theology; and many remember the great interest which he enjoyed and communicated in his teachings.

Another, no less respected and beloved, was John Clarke, a merchant, then resident in Boston, but who subsequently removed to Salem; a gentleman who enjoyed in an eminent degree the confidence and respect of the community. He was distinguished by a peculiar manly frankness, a highly cultivated intellect, and earnest interest in every thing promotive of the welfare of those around him. He was long the revered instructor of the senior class, and among the most effective teachers. He also gave a course of very interesting general lessons upon the geography, climate, and productions of Palestine.

Dr. Amos Binney also, for several years, devoted his strong and cultivated mind to this service, as much as his then impaired health would permit.

Mr. Samuel Hunt also was, from the beginning, and for many successive years, an assiduous and devoted teacher, and at one time an active superintendent, who had the interest of the school deeply at heart.

Orlando Pitts is remembered by many with pecu-

liar interest and affection, as for many years one of the most affectionate, faithful, and intelligent pupils, whose example was of great influence, and who subsequently became a very efficient teacher, and served also as librarian and secretary. He was a youth of rare qualities of heart and mind, of an affectionate and deeply religious disposition and winning manners, with industry and practical talent, which were rapidly raising him to exalted position in society. So attractive were his manners and disposition, that it is related of him that little children were wont to await at his door in the morning for his coming out, that they might join him in his walk; and so widely and dearly was he beloved and respected, that, upon his decease, his numerous friends contributed to raise a cenotaph to his memory, at Mount Auburn, with the following inscription from the heart and pen of his beloved pastor: —

ORLANDO PITTS,

Born Dec. 18, 1822;

Deceased Nov. 27, 1846,

Perishing in the wreck of the Steamer Atlantic.

He was early prepared for useful life or sudden death.

His friends,

Moved by love for his ingenuous virtues and grief for their loss,

Raise to him this monument.

His praise is of God; his memorial, in heaven.

Among the teachers in the girls' school, Miss Helen C. Loring was one of the earliest and most devoted, until illness, terminating in death, prevented her further attendance.

Of the nature and influences of her teaching, and of their effect upon her pupils and upon the welfare of the school, while she lived, and, since her death, in the agencies of those whom she had instructed, and more especially of her character, it may not become the author of this sketch to speak, though it might be only to lay upon a sister's grave a humble tribute of gratitude for blessings of which he was a partaker. But it may be permitted to suffer others to speak of her in this connection. In a letter by Dr. Channing to a mutual friend, upon her decease, he thus writes: "She seemed to be one of the brightest expressions of the spirit of Jesus Christ, and of the power of his religion in the trials of life. She has seemed designed to show how possible it is to live in heaven whilst sojourning here; to show the union of spirituality with common affairs; to show how an heroic energy may be blended with the greatest sweetness, tenderness, and delicacy of soul and manner."

Nor will the utterance of another friend upon that occasion, of no less authority, here be out of place: —

"And she has displayed in its perfect beauty the Christian triumph in death. With perfect willingness, without a fear, and in the purest animation of hope, with faith like vision she passed; and the impression that she still lives is as natural as that the ship which has just sunk below the horizon still holds on her way."

She died in July, 1838.*

Another of those whose mission it was to illustrate the beauty of holiness, and self-devotion to the good of others, was Miss Elizabeth R. Norwood, whose brief but lovely and effective ministrations in the Sunday school were terminated, by early death, in 1845. She came a stranger into the circle of teachers and worshippers of the West Church, but soon won her way into the deep affection of all who were privileged to know her, and derived and communicated a spiritual happiness, in communion with her pastors and fellow-teachers and the children of her class, which could flow only from a full heart and cultivated mind. Her chamber, during a long, protracted illness, was a fountain from which her

* It was a lovely summer morning; and, as the day dawned, she requested that the window by her bedside might be raised; and, looking up into the sky, she said, "A beautiful morning! I am going: good-by, dear aunt!" And, with a gentle pressure of the hand and a heavenly smile upon her lips, she passed away.

friends and dearly loved pupils drank deep of the beauty of Christian faith and hope; and she is remembered as another star in heaven, to attract their eyes upward as they journey here.

The name of Abigail W. Wilder, another teacher who was early taken to the home in heaven, — to which, by instruction and example, she sought to lead the children committed to her care in the school, — will long be held, by them and her companions in the good work, in fond remembrance.

In this brief statement of the history and organization of this school, enough appears to evince how great may be the agency of one in the welfare of a religious society, not only in the culture of the young, but also in promoting a closer union between the pastor and his people than can otherwise exist, especially in a city congregation; in the cultivation of friendships and mutual confidence among its members, and between the elder and younger portions of them, by which its Christian sympathies and efficiency may be advanced and extended.

This school has been the object of great care and solicitude on the part of the pastors, and many of the Society, as may be seen by the schedule of teachers appended. The Senior Pastor has for several years

been prevented by bodily infirmity from bestowing his accustomed invaluable attention to it; but it has been most sedulously watched over and cared for by the Junior Pastor, who not only has performed the ordinary services of general visitation and encouragement, but has for some time past taken upon himself the office of superintendent, giving general lessons, and performing the other duties pertaining to that office; besides holding monthly meetings of teachers at his house, which are attended with great interest, and seeking by his influence and efforts, in season and out of season, to promote and extend its usefulness.

It is now in a flourishing condition, with an increasing number of pupils; but assistance in the boys' department is much needed, and it is hoped will not longer be withheld.

LIST

OF

SUPERINTENDENTS AND TEACHERS OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

MEMBERS OF THE GLEANING CIRCLE, AND OF THE WEST-BOSTON SOCIETY, WHO WERE ENGAGED IN THE SUNDAY-TEACHING OF THE CHARITY SCHOOL.

Those marked with an asterisk (*) are deceased.

*Miss Susan W. Seaver.
Miss Sophia Dennie.
Miss Caroline Dennie.
*Miss Mary Gore.
*Miss Rebecca Gore.
*Miss Eliza Gore.
*Miss Eliza Cheever Davis.
*Miss Mary Ann Loring.
Miss Eliza D. Williams.
Miss Mary Goddard.
Miss Miranda Goddard.

LADIES WHO ARE OR HAVE BEEN TEACHERS IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL OF THE WEST-BOSTON SOCIETY.

Baldwin, Eliza W.
*Barry, Esther.
Belknap, Anna B.
Binney, Maria L.
Choate, Sarah C.
Choate, Martha H.
Collins, Sarah.
Cunningham, Anna B.
*Cordis, Eliza.
Coolidge, Caroline M.
Dennie, Caroline.
Dennie, Eliza M.
Dennie, Sarah B.
Dennie, Sarah Bryant.
Dorr, Mrs. Elizabeth C.
Eaton, Eliza.
Eaton, Louisa B.
Eaton, Margaret D.

Fairfield, Lucia G.
Fairfield, Mary E. H.
Fairfield, Martha H.
Faulkner, Elizabeth C.
Faulkner, Elizabeth.
Goodwin, Mrs. Lucy N.
Gaffield, Caroline A.
Gerry, M. Augusta.
*Gerry, Emma.
*Gerry, Mary Ann.
Hartshorn, Harriet.
Heath, Emeline A.
Howard, Catharine H.
Howard, Elizabeth.
Howard, Hepsy C. S.
Healey, Caroline W.
Hurlbert, Caroline T.
Hastings, Caroline.
Hastings, Charlotte B.
*Hastings, Eliza.
Hallett, Georgianna.
Hunt, Helen S.
Holman, Mrs. Charlotte R.
Hersey, Lucretia M.
Hersey, Caroline F.
Hooton, Mrs. Mary E.
Johnson, Emily.
Jones, Maria L.
Kuhn, Ann.
Kuhn, Caroline M.
Kendall, Judith P.
Kendall, Sarah W.
Kendall, Hannah W.
Kendall, Mrs. Cordelia R.
Knight, Sophia.
Little, Elizabeth H.
Little, Harriet S.
Locke, Mary F.
*Loring, Helen C.
Loring, Jane L.
Loring, Susan M.
Lothrop, Sarah J.
Lowell, Rebecca R.
*Lowell, Mrs. John, jun.
McClure, Nancy J.
Munroe, Mehitable C.
Munroe, Jane C.
Newman, Anna B.
Newman, Mary.
Newman, Susan D.
Newman, Margaret.
Newman, Caroline.
*Norwood, Elizabeth R.
Otis, Mary.
Otis, Sarah T.
Otis, Caroline W.
Parker, Emily T.
Parker, Martha W.
*Prentiss, Eliza.
Perkins, Mary T.
Perkins, Ann T.
Ridgway, Susanna S.
Ridgway, Mary Ann.
Robinson, Mary S.
Russell, Louisa.
Russell, Mary A. P.
Stoddard, Polly E. L.
*Thwing, Ruth.
*Thwing, Martha.
Thayer, Mrs. Mary B.
Tracy, Mrs. Sophia D.
Train, Adeline D.
Ware, Horatio S.
*Wilder, Abigail W.
Wiswell, Ann M.
Willard, Theodora.
*Wells, Mrs. Seth.
*Wells, Adelaide.
Woods, Maria A.

GENTLEMEN WHO ARE OR HAVE BEEN SUPERINTENDENTS OR TEACHERS IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL OF THE WEST-BOSTON SOCIETY.

*Andrews, Caleb.
Baker, Amos.
*Baldwin, S. Parkman.
Badger, Willard.
Bartol, Cyrus A.
Bartol, George M.
*Binney, Amos.
Binney, Amos, jun.
Binney, William G.
Binney, William C.
Binney, Charles J. F.
Brown, John, jun.
Bragg, Alfred.
Bullard, William S.
Clarke, Henry W.
*Clarke, John.
Clark, George D.
Coolidge, William D.
Canterbury, Charles.
Cunningham, C. Loring.
Cormerais, John.
Darling, F. D.
Dennie, Thomas, jun.
Dennie, James, jun.
Draper, Lorenzo.
Domett, Henry W.
Eaton, Charles F.
*Fairfield, John Oliver.
Fiske, Augustus H.
Fish, Moses W.
Fisher, James T.
Gaffield, Thomas.
*Gaffield, James.
Gould, John M.
Gould, Samuel.
Gould, Thomas R.
Gray, William.
Hardy, Thomas.
Hartshorn, Charles.
Haskell, Levi B.
Hastings, George R.
*Hunt, Samuel.
Holman, Oliver.
*Kendall, Joseph S.
Knight, Manasseh.
Loring, Charles G.
Loring, C. William.
Loring, Charles G., jun.
*Lowell, John, jun.
Miles, Henry T.
Moors, Joseph B.
*Paige, David W.
*Perkins, John S.
*Pitts, Orlando.
Pope, Augustus R.
Parks, Luther, jun.
Poor, Arthur H.
*Poor, George F.
Richards, Reuben A.
Richards, William B.
Ridgway, John, jun.
*Russell, James.

Shattuck, George C., jun.
Sherwin, Thomas.
*Terry, John S.
Tracy, Frederic U.
Wadsworth, Alexander.
Ware, Loammi G.
Whiting, James.
Willard, Joseph.
Willard, Sydney.
*Withington, Oliver W.

*** Any mistakes or imperfections in the above List will be excused by our readers, as the unfortunate loss of valuable early records of the school rendered perfect accuracy impossible.

NOTE.

The members of the West Church will understand perfectly how the various parts of this little work have arisen, and how they join together to form a real and natural whole. Readers beyond the parish-circle will excuse what may seem the inartificial, miscellaneous, and unique character of its composition, when they remember how entirely it is a product of providential circumstances and successive suggestions. For the closing portion, relating to our Sunday school, it were an injustice to withhold especial thanks to the author, whose zeal has found, amid the press of many avocations, time to commemorate the institution which was for many years his own peculiar and beloved charge; which owes much of its prosperity to his earnest and never-remitted instruction and care; but whose devotion to it has been so disinterested and single-hearted, that he would refuse even this simple tribute of our gratitude, were it not, as out of our common heart, given altogether without his own knowledge.

APPENDIX

TO THE

"PROCEEDINGS OF THE PARISH."

It can hardly fail to appear to all readers of this volume, as it does to those having charge of its publication, honorable to the ancient and respected Association that passed the following resolutions, no less than just to him on whose account they were framed, that they should have in these pages a distinct place. They are therefore here subjoined.

At a meeting of the Boston Association of Congregational Ministers held this day (Dec. 24, 1855), the following resolutions were adopted: —

Resolved, That the Association, having learned that it is the intention of the West Church to celebrate the Fiftieth Anniversary of its Senior Pastor, Rev. Dr. Lowell, on the first Sunday of the new year, feel, and wish in some simple way to express, their deep interest in the occasion of that ceremony.

Resolved, That, although the younger portion of this body must speak rather from tradition than from experience, we look back with emotion to the days when our revered and beloved brother was accustomed to take his

seat among us, and to share and exchange with us the laborious joy of the Christian pulpit, and to the later time when we were compelled to relinquish the animation of his presence, the wisdom of his counsel, and the strong advantage of his aid.

Resolved, That we bless the Divine Providence which has dealt so kindly with him in his invalid but honored retirement, and has so kept with him the hearts of his people, that the pastoral tie which bound him to them half a century ago retains still its early tenderness and strength.

Resolved, That, though our Sunday duties will so occupy us that we cannot personally attend the solemnities of that jubilee, our hearts will be there in the remembrances that are awakened and cherished, in the thanks that are returned, and in the prayers that are offered up on behalf of the aged pastor, who can now scarcely serve but with his heart, and speak but from his privacy; and on behalf of the younger minister, who still stands fully girt for his work; and for the prosperity of the church which so endearingly connects their names.

Resolved, That the foregoing resolutions be transmitted by the scribe through the Junior to the Senior Pastor of the West Church.

[Signed] RUFUS ELLIS,

Scribe of the Boston Association of Congregational Ministers.

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